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"And as the massive hammer thunders down,
Shaping the stubborn iron to the plan."—RALPH HOYT.



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PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 221 West 30th Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1896.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

In case of war between Great Britain and this country what should be the attitude of Canada?

I wish to discuss this question on its merits, and without reference to any non-essential details, such as Canada's connection with Great Britain, her loyalty to the Queen and her existence separate and apart from the United States. The Dominion has a geographical and to a large extent a political status in which, she is responsible—and alone responsible—for her own destiny. Hence Canada is in a position to look the facts in the face, on her own account, and to favor a policy that regards her own interests, primarily, and the interests of the British Empire, secondarily, if at all. As a social and commercial neighbor to the United States, her nearest, not to say her most vital, interests are concerned with her relations with us rather than with her sentimental and largely theoretical relations-at-large with Great Britain.

On the other hand, the American Union would inflict positive injury upon itself by including the Dominion in any scheme of aggressive warfare against Great Britain. Canada and this country not only have no quarrel, but they have every-day dealings with each other that are of the highest mutual utility, and are of the utmost importance compared with the merely nominal union between lands separated by three thousand miles of ocean. Both Governments, the one absolutely independent, the other practically so, have duties toward the general welfare in each that seem to prohibit the including of Canada in a possible war with a foreign Power, whose duty is actually toward neither and whose interests are so widespread throughout the world, that the very necessities of imperial control might easily call for the sacrifice of Canada's theoretical rights and for an attack upon the welfare of the United States through encroachments upon the weaker States of the New World.

As for Great Britain, she has done nothing for Canada, which entitles her to call for a conscription of Canadian soldiers or the use of the Canadian militia; or to demand the more tremendous sacrifice of taking Canadian soil for the scene of an anti-American campaign, and exposing Canadian commerce, with its Welland and Lachine Canals and Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk and other railways, to the swift and sure destruction of an American army and navy of invasion. It seems not at all unlikely that the English people themselves, in common with the best people of Canada, would favor the neutrality of Canadian soil, in view of the facts that the first scene of hostilities would be on the

northern coast of South America, in any case; that the English attack upon the United States would not be much facilitated by the use of the St. Lawrence water route, owing to the easy destructibility of the two canals; and that on the Great Lakes the iron shipbuilding industry of five great American cities, and the quick and easy transit of an American army of occupation would leave Canada, as the scene of operations, the greatest sufferer in the conflict, with the probability of a heavy war tribute and subjugation to the United States in the end. It would be the simplest act of justice on both sides to leave Canada out, if the calamity of war cannot be averted. She has done no wrong, attempted no wrong, is not protesting against either of the two greater Governments. It is none of her quarrel. Though a nominal or sentimental British possession, she does not owe to Great Britain the sacrifice that her non-neutrality would involve. It is safe to say, also, that her espousal of the cause of the mother country, considered merely as a getting even with us for fancied grievances, would be the paying of a very small debt of revenge at a cost to herself out of all proportion to the offense.

Yes; Canada must remain neutral. But we must have a distinct and binding understanding, with the full knowledge of England and the consent of Ottawa. While mere theorizing about a not probable war—such as I have been doing—is not premature, perhaps it is over soon for discussing plans to be adopted or rejected in the event of war with England. But in the case of Canada, it is not too soon to begin casting about for a *modus vivendi*. This has two easy, simple expedients. First, absolute neutrality, and the refusal of Ottawa to allow Canadian soil to be made the basis of operations for England against us. Second, that Washington shall protect Canada and the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence water routes against any American invasion whatsoever. What is needed at once is a diplomatic negotiation between Ottawa and Washington looking to a distinct understanding that the Dominion Government does at the outset refuse to allow Canadian soil to be made the basis of military operations by England against us, and that the United States Government does agree not to invade Canadian soil or molest Canadian Lake commerce, and to protect the same in case of war with Great Britain, against all invasions and hostile expeditions emanating from this country. Even if war should not come, it would be advisable to make such an agreement anyhow. What does Canada say to the proposal? Has not the discussion over this war scare convinced her that, in case of war between the United States and Great Britain, the Dominion would be the greatest sufferer with the least gains? That, however much she resist annexation in time of peace, it has become necessary to submit to geography in time of war?

It is midnight's holy hour—and silence now
 is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
 The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
 The bell's deep tones are swelling; 'tis the knell
 Of the departed year. No funeral train
 Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
 With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest.
 Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirr'd,
 As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
 That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
 The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,
 Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
 And Winter with his aged locks, and breathe
 In mournful cadences, that come abroad
 Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail.
 A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year
 Gone from the earth forever.—GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

There is an inevitable tinge of thoughtfulness in the mind's spontaneous coloring of the spot at which we stop, on the ascent of the rugged way; where we look backward in parting and farewell, preparing to go forward again in expectation, but with a sense of lost companionships and lost friendships. The great journalist-poet of Kentucky could not sing the "melancholy dirge o'er the dead year," if the attachments and all the other forms of human interest did not mingle themselves with "the spirits of the seasons" at this parting of the ways in "midnight's holy hour."

But it is easy to overdraw, to color too deeply, the burial of the dead year. And the birth of the New Year does not necessarily involve very great joy to the world. It is rather a time for taking account of divers profits and losses, that the counting-room or the bank does not show; a time to look dispassionately into certain past transactions with friends, enemies and neutrals, who, as well as ourselves, may have been blinded to their own best interests by the hurry and unkindness of a season not so thoughtful or so forgiving or so "happy" as this season of New Year's. The past more often buries itself than we suspect, the useful past being more likely to do this than the clinging, noxious-ivy past that covers with life that which is and ought to stay dead. I suggest that the past year may have too much in it that is good, to bury it altogether; that this noxious, clinging stuff be cast off now and buried very deep; that the friendships, sacred confidences and brotherly trustfulnesses of 1895 be kept sacred during 1896; that rancor, over-aggressiveness toward one's fellow-being, and all wasteful animosities be sworn against, for "they are not worth while."

It is not seemly to offer advice to the great, kindly world, as to how this ought to be done; for the world is growing better and better all the time—better, on the whole, than any one of its inhabitants. And it is unfair, as well as a misguided zeal, to be always lecturing a world that is doing all that can be expected of it—considering the individual folk it has to deal with. Perhaps the best thing to do is, to wish to all a moderately happy New Year, and as many of them as they will get anyhow. If you have any good resolutions to make—and then keep—make them, and good luck to you.

The country is threatened with a stubborn contest in Congress over the question of bonds and a tariff measure to relieve the Treasury. Supposing that bonds of small denominations are taken by our own people, what harm can they do? If, in the meantime, and before the Treasury reserve is safe, the extra amount of revenue needed is provided by means of three or four changes in the tariff, what harm can that do? Not so much harm as a prolonged bond-tariff fight in which the country will not know, from day to day, what to expect next. Compromise and conciliation are much needed at this time.

The question of bonds and the tariff is now simplified. Speaker Reed's measure, spoken of as a "tariff for revenue only" bill, was reported to the House of Representatives December 26. The text of the tariff measure was agreed upon by a majority of the Committee on Ways and Means. It provides for a duty on wool and woolen goods and lumber, and a horizontal increase on other schedules except sugar. The bond bill provides for a bond issue to maintain the gold reserve, and the issue of certificates to meet any deficiency in the Treasury. Both measures are to remain in force until August 1, 1898.

It is stated that President Cleveland does not expect to be called upon to pass on these two measures. The bonds are to be publicly advertised for, and the tariff features may be the subject of prolonged debate, especially by the Democrats, under the liberal Senate rules. In the meantime a crisis is expected to arise under which the President will find it necessary to issue bonds on his own authority under the law.

It is true, concessions and compromises on both sides may result in a broadly American measure of protection for the Treasury, for business and for the national credit, if not in a measure of tariff protection to certain industries. This is no time for stubborn adherence to theory and prejudice, or for reckless playing for party advantage at the expense of the country. Or, better yet, Congress might go ahead with strictly Republican legislation on finance and the tariff, pass the bills the Republicans demand; after which President Cleveland would allow the bills to become law without his signature as in the instance of the Wilson Bill. The President should allow Congress to shoulder the responsibility at this time. There is even more need of such a course now than on the former occasion.

One of the "firms" that failed in Wall Street last week, on the strength of the President's Message, lost one hundred and eighty dollars—a sum so tremendous as to leave room for the suspicion that even shorn lambs do not always know when to go in out of the cold.

The ram "Katahdin" has failed to make the contract speed of seventeen knots, and Secretary Herbert cannot see his way clear to accept her for the Navy. The Bath (Me.) Iron Works has probably come near enough to the contract requirements to entitle the ram to the equity of an acceptance, in view of the fact, especially, that her rejection would involve ruinous loss. It is claimed that her slowness is the fault of her lines, that were furnished by the Government, and not of her engines which have exceeded the contract requirements by several hundred horse-power. A bill will be introduced in the House, and another in the Senate, providing for the acceptance of the "Katahdin." Both bills ought to pass.

A New York firm ordered 2,500,000 pennies to make change for the holiday trade. Now watch out—that is pennies, not dollars. In dollars the figures stand thus: 25,000.

The Greater New York is always here during the Christmas Holidays. A mail-bag containing toys for the tots fell on the track off the Sixth Avenue Elevated platform, uptown side, at Park Place, December 22; the toys got tangled in the engine's driving gear, and the whole line was blocked for half an hour.

At this joyful and cleanly season, may I suggest that our so-called funny picture papers quit printing those vile illustrations wherein aged and middle-aged men are shown in company with bad women drinking and hobnobbing and making fools of themselves? Certain "picture papers" that are doing this kind of alleged art have the effrontery to ask admittance to the American Home.

By way of soothing the bellicose Herr Ahlwardt, let me call his attention to the one hundred and seventy thousand dollars charity record of the Hebrew Fair that closed at Madison Square Garden last week.

Denmark has the Island of St. Thomas for sale, and the Danish Parliament will discuss the question of disposing of it this winter. Germany wants to buy it, but the Danish people have not forgotten the Schleswig-Holstein war of aggression by Prussia; and it is stated that Denmark does not wish to sell the island to any European Power. It is suggested that this country ought to buy it, so as to have a naval station in the tropical Atlantic when the Nicaragua or the Panama canal is finished. Our growing needs in that quarter certainly demand more conveniences than we have at present. We ought to own Santa Cruz also, which Denmark will sell. If these two islands are not sold Denmark will grant them their independence. Unless they are held at too high a price, Uncle Sam might invest a few millions in one or both of them.

An example of how valuable properties may be sacrificed in times of panic was furnished last week by the Chattanooga (Tenn.) Electric Railway, a property that cost three million dollars. The sale of the road was set for December 23, but owing to the war scare it was postponed. Judge Meade of Brooklyn, who held one hundred and four bonds of the property, was ready to purchase and vehemently denounced the postponement.

Italy has offered peace to King Menelek II. of Abyssinia at the cost of an Italian protectorate over the whole country, and on condition that Abyssinia acknowledge Italy's claim to the territory as far inland as the Mareb River. The Abyssinians are still fighting the invaders, but will probably give in eventually. It seems strange that no great Power urges arbitration in this case!

The Supreme Court of Indiana has just decided that an agent has the right to deliver books previously sold by a canvasser without a city license. The case came up on appeal from the city of Huntington, where Henry B. Mahan, an employee of the P. F. Collier Branch House at Indianapolis, was arrested by the local authorities for delivering to a subscriber books sold and contracted for, without a license. The authorities of Huntington claimed that a peddler's license was necessary, but the highest court of the State has now held that neither the original sale nor the delivery of the books is liable to a local license of this kind.—This plan of selling books, successfully carried on by this publishing house for many years, has brought standard literature into hundreds of thousands of American homes that would not otherwise have been supplied. The plan is to leave a full set of books with the subscriber, on payment of a small initial sum, the balance payable in monthly sums that are within the reach of homes of moderate means. It is safe to say that this house has placed twenty million dollars' worth of standard literature in such homes during the last twelve years. It is gratifying to find that the Supreme Court of Indiana does not look upon the process as peddling—an occupation in which a license is collectable, usually for the protection of the public. Patrons throughout Indiana, as well as the Publisher of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, fully appreciate the value of this enlightened decision of the Supreme Court. Thanks are due to Mr. B. M. Cobb of Huntington, Ind., and to Mr. Elmer E. Stevenson of Indianapolis for their painstaking and able management of the case. And the great popular plan of distribution first inaugurated by this publishing house, will continue to bring first-class literature to the middle-class millions of American readers who can appreciate that class of books, furnished to them on practically their own terms of payment.

It seems that the Continent of Europe began to buy American stocks and bonds about the time English investors began to throw very cold water on them—a move on the part of the Continent that probably saved a few hundred dollars for a few very small dealers in Wall Street.

The latest news from Cuba, as the WEEKLY goes to press, is that the Spanish army of repression is all but victorious, while the insurgents are looking for a chance to escape from the path by which they lately marched upon Havana.

Cincinnati is making a strong pull and a pull altogether for the Democratic National Convention. Unless New York gets it, I have no objection to Cincinnati, however. Democrats ought to feel quite at home in either city, but more so here than there. Senator Brice of Ohio thinks the convention will be held in the West. St. Louis wants this one, too, and Chicago is always to be reckoned with. But, on Senator Brice's supposition, Cincinnati ought to have the best chance this time.

It is expected that Utah's proclamation of Statehood will be issued by President Cleveland January 4, and that the State officers will begin business January 6. The announcement to this effect was received at Salt

Lake City last week with unbounded enthusiasm. As soon as the official news reaches them the people of the new State will celebrate with the ringing of bells and the booming of cannon. Chief Justice Merritt will administer the oath of office to the State officers in the Mormon Tabernacle. The new State will come into the Union with the blot of polygamy erased. Utah will be the most prosperous, and by far the most wealthy and best organized, of all the Territories that have ever come in. A Happy New Year to Utah, to all the good reformed Mormons, to the Edmunds Law out there, and to all loyal Utahites who have never had need of repentance.

The Navajo Indians are not in this coming gold-bond deal; but for aborigines, they have in their hands no small share of the destinies of gold. They have just leased the Carriso Mountain mining territory to a party of Eastern capitalists, headed by A. C. Voorhees of Denver. The district is rich in the precious metal. It was invaded three years ago by a party of foolhardy prospectors, many of whom were killed in the Navajo outbreak. It is reported that the Indian Bureau authorities at Washington have ratified the lease. It remains to be seen whether the Navajos will live up to their agreement with these capitalists.

Japan whipped China, and occupied Port Arthur, which under the ordinary rules of civilized warfare she could have held. But Russia, England and France interfered; Japan had to retire on the Powers' own terms; on December 21 the Chinese marched into the place and hoisted their flag. It is such an international interference as this that leaves Europe and Great Britain quite unruffled, while our little Venezuela protest wakes up all the international law of both Hemispheres! Li Hung Chang must be enjoying a peculiar heathen laugh about now.

The last story of Turkish atrocity in Armenia is the killing of twelve thousand Druses near Suediah on the Levant. The Druses are a people of mixed races, Persian and Arab, professing a religion that seems to be part Mahomedan and part Christian in its tenets and practices. They are probably looked upon as traitors to Islam by the fierce Turkish soldiery. It is every day more and more apparent that these Turkish massacres are the result of tribal fanaticism and hatreds, with a large admixture of tribal anarchy.

The Philadelphia street car strike developed into a very unmerited riot on Christmas Day, in which non-union workmen were severely beaten. A temporary settlement was reached after the riot, but the men are still dissatisfied and threaten to tie up the whole system again. The peace was restored on Christmas Day only by the withdrawal of the non-union men. The strike, along with its other blessings, is laying up for the future a harvest of soreness, that may stand in the way of ultimate consolidation.

Among the rumors of war is one that Spain will assist Venezuela because the latter is claiming the same right against England that Spain, as a mother country, used to claim for herself when she held Venezuela and the rest of the Spanish-American States as American colonies. This assistance might come from the Spanish archives, where copies and originals of old treaties and old correspondence may be found, to the very great help of Venezuela, at a time when all the official information about those old days seems to be in the possession of Great Britain. Spain might help Venezuela, "on paper"; but hardly with cruisers and dragoons. Under the circumstances the documentary assistance would be the most valuable that could be given, and if Spain has any—which is hardly to be doubted, considering that she was the original owner of both Dutch and British Guiana—President Cleveland's Venezuela Commission might be able to use it—to keep us and our "mother country" at peace with honor.

Lord Dunraven has arrived in this country, to appear before a special committee of the New York Yacht Club, and make good his charges against the "Defender" syndicate for alleged false weighting and measuring of that craft during the race last summer. He will have an impartial hearing. It is one of those cases wherein an unfair hearing of testimony and other evidence would be the only possible escape of his Lordship from universal condemnation among gentlemen, supposing that his charges are unfounded or inexcusable. Lord Dunraven must have every possible latitude of defense, and then he must abide by the decision, as well the "Defender" syndicate.

After a struggle with the waves of the Pacific for two months, the disabled steamship "Strathnevis," passed safely through the Straits San Juan de Fuca, Christmas Eve, and arrived at Victoria, B. C., Christmas Day in tow of the "Mineola." No lives were in danger, but the craft itself ought to set down Christmas as a lucky day in her calendar.

Anyhow, the Great Interior States can feed us, in case of war, while Great Britain must buy her food and carry it a long distance.

It is to be feared that the monster murderer Holmes will be before the public again, in a long-drawn-out trial. A writ of certiorari, returnable January 20, has been taken out at Philadelphia to remove the record to the Supreme Court. It is a question among lawyers—though Holmes is probably guilty—whether he was defended at the first trial in a manner that will be satisfactory to the highest court of Pennsylvania. The more probable the guilt of such a prisoner as Holmes, the more thorough should be his defense, for conviction will then be more likely to hold in the court of last resort. "Severe" judges and hasty prosecuting attorneys have defeated the ends of justice more often than the judicial and painstaking kind.

The National Anti-Saloon League Convention closed at Washington December 19, calling upon churches and ministers of all denominations to unite with them for the utter destruction of the traffic. Whatever the cause may be, the saloon business has experienced a severe depression within the past two or three years. It is probably due to the rise of a generation of young men and young women who have no use for intoxicants and have been educated up to a prejudice against them in their schools, and by what they have seen in real life. If the Leaguers propose to conduct a legislative campaign in the various States, they should avoid giving to the traffic either the sympathy that naturally goes out to a proscribed occupation or the wicked but none the less real fascination for the young that attaches to that which is forbidden. Legislation should be sought that will properly regulate the traffic and encourage the growth of the temperance element at the same time.

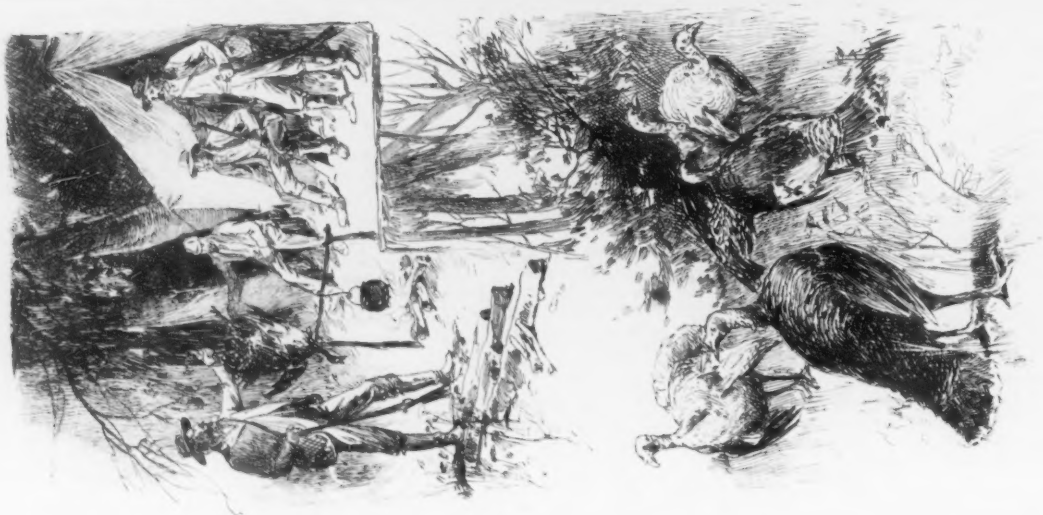
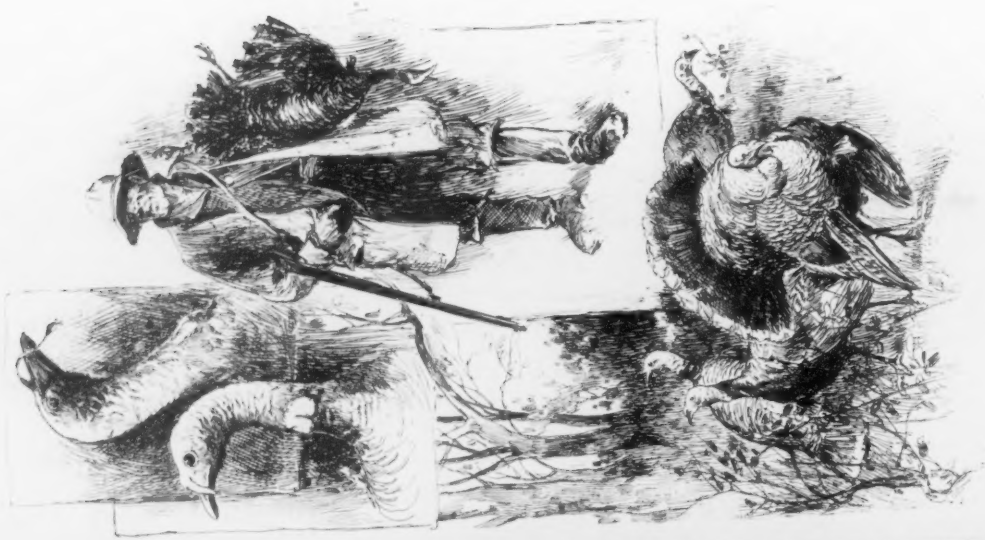
Nearly forty years ago Congress granted toward the building of the Tennessee and Coosa Railroad seventy thousand acres of land in Etowah and Marshall Counties, Alabama. Hugh Carlisle spent two hundred and fifty thousand dollars building the road, and thus secured title to the land; but five years ago the Government filed a bill to oust him on the ground that the road was not completed within the time specified in the grant. Some one thousand settlers have refused to pay Carlisle any rents ever since, hoping to gain title by actual settlement if the Government won the suit. In the Federal Court at Birmingham, Ala., December 19, Judge Bruce decided in favor of Carlisle, by dismissing the Government's case. The rents amount to one million dollars; Hugh Carlisle is one of the richest men in Alabama; and another sample case goes on record showing that when the Government gives land away, actual settlers seldom get it.

New York City and County have just lost a big lawsuit, involving about five million dollars. The metropolis has been refusing to pay one million four hundred thousand dollars taxes to the State, being its share for the care of the indigent insane, for the reason that the city has been providing for her own insane at her own expense. The Court of Appeals decided last week that the city must pay the amount with interest. Last spring the Legislature passed a law, subject to the approval of Mayor Strong, turning over the city's indigent insane to the care of the State; but the Mayor's approval was withheld. A bill to be passed in Albany for the same purpose this winter will probably be approved, in which case New York City will pay about forty-five per cent of the total tax of the State for such purposes. Meantime the buildings now used by New York County for the care of the insane can be turned to other uses.

The Inter-State Commerce Commission asks for amendments to the law, as some parts of it are declared unconstitutional, especially those relating to the attendance of witnesses. The Commission condemns ticket brokerage, favors a uniform position of handholds on all cars for the safety of employees on all railroads; also that the height of draw-bars for couplings be now determined and fixed by law.

A most outrageous case of industrial oppression is that of the tailors of this city by the Clothing Contractors. Some time ago the contractors entered into an agreement with their men and gave bonds for its faithful performance. Taking advantage of the coming winter and the straitened circumstances of their employees, they have proceeded to re-enact oppressive rules. One of the contractors was spoken to about the probability of the workers suing on the bonds. "Let them keep the bonds; eighty-five per cent of them are no good," he replied. And these are the creatures who sometimes call upon the authorities to protect them against their toilers, on the ground that legitimate business must not be interfered with. If the Joint-Stock Labor Union had a case of this kind, some of these contractors would go to Sing Sing for fraudulent dealings.

Helena Ginsburg of this city sent money to Germany to bring her brother Israel to this country. When she went to Ellis Island last week to meet him, she found a ragged young Jew, Ignatz Scovel, whom she had refused to marry in the old country. Ignatz swore, however, that he was her brother. The authorities believed Helena's story and will probably send Ignatz back. How he ever got hold of Israel's ticket is a mystery. Helena says he must have stolen it.



SHOOTING WILD TURKEYS IN VIRGINIA.—DRAWN BY A. HESCKE.



EVERY ONE FOR HIMSELF.—FROM PAINTING BY C. DECHENE.

SHOOTING WILD TURKEYS IN VIRGINIA.—DRAWN BY A. HENCKE.



WITH regard to the practice of dueling, one might now declare of four of the greatest nations in the world that England abhors it, France makes it ridiculous, America laughs at it, and Germany treats it with an immense seriousness. The logical sequence of this statement would suggest some such phrase as "More shame for Germany." And judging from an account of a recent German duel, given me by a friend who was also an

eye-witness of it, I should feel inclined to indorse this very denouncing verdict.

The duel in question had been arranged between the seconds of two German officers. The challenger had been horsewhipped by the challengee, because of some family trouble relating to insult or breach of promise. X—, let us say, had angered Z—, either in respect to cavalier treatment of his sister or a course of conduct still more culpable.

After the horsewhipping received by X—, he had one of two alternatives to face. He must incur expulsion from the army for not challenging Z—, or he must challenge him, and receive, if he survived the duel, six months' imprisonment. In this dilemma he chose the latter course. Unmistakably the present encounter was a duel to the death, for intense animosity existed on either side. The foes met in a certain open space not far from the environs of Berlin, and not long after dawn. It was a winter dawn, and on faded sward hoar-frost glittered, while denuded trees lifted, to left or right, their skeleton gauntness. "Nothing," my friend told me, "could have been drearier than this tract of ground, overarched by a sky of chilliest drab, where two men, each accompanied by his seconds and friends, met with the fiercest mutual homicidal purpose."

"How was it," I asked, "that you were permitted to take part in this dismal meeting, since you are an Englishman and were not, as you have told me, at all interested in the quarrel from which it sprang?"

"I knew Z— very well," was the answer, "and he permitted me to gratify a curiosity which I confess to have been morbid enough."

In my friend's own words, as nearly as I can recollect them, I will tell what afterward happened.

"Let me assure you," he began, "that no sooner had I reached the dueling-ground than I regretted having come there. Either contestant was accompanied by two surgeons. These, in the gray, grim light, spread forth on the faded grass many steel instruments that to gaze upon was to shudder. Z— had eaten nothing for about two days, and with his co-duelist it was the same. Each had borne in mind the probable recovery resultant from a wound in the intestines, provided such wound should occur when they were freed from food. And so these two men faced one another, not only unstimulated by stimulant of any alcoholic sort, but wholly without normal nutriment. The delay was intensely tedious. In that sullen yet piercing atmosphere it were so upon my nerves that I felt myself beginning to tremble from head to foot. Austere arguments and discussions between the seconds of either contestant, ringing their guttural German through the gelid and cheerless air, grew almost intolerable. Over an hour passed before everything was satisfactorily arranged. And then I became aware that my friend Z— had received from a brother officer the most solemn oath, and that this oath (as if to render the infamy of dueling still more atrocious) bound its swearer in the sacredest way. If Z— were killed, his comrade was at once to challenge X—, and so strive to avenge the latter's death."

At last the guttural German gabbling ceased; the number of intervening paces had been agreed upon; the duel was about to begin. A second handed to either of the principals a loaded pistol, long of barrel and with trigger difficult to pull. Just before he received his weapon I saw Z— place his palms together in a covert posture of prayer, momentarily closing his eyes. The mockery of this forcibly struck me. I could not help wondering at the audacity of an appeal to a Christian

God on the part of one who had resolved to outrage the very soul and essence of Christ's teachings.

"Two shots were soon afterward exchanged. Slight flesh-wounds resulted. Then came another long, wearisome parley. The seconds of X— were approached by those of Z—. Could no compromise be effected, they asked, and might it not be possible to end the meeting after these two comparatively harmless shots? To such proposals the seconds of X— made obdurate answer. No; the duel must continue till one or the other combatant was incapable of firing."

"By this time," continued my narrator, "I had grown so sickened at the brutal bloodthirstiness of the whole affair that I regretted keenly having joined its participants. . . Finally two more shots were exchanged. X—, this time, had evidently aimed at the brain of his opponent, and his bullet took away a portion of the latter's ear. Z—'s bullet, on the other hand, had sped lower, and had entered the groin of his foe. And in so entering, a most horrible and ghastly thing followed the course it took. The bullet struck one of the femoral bones, glanced sideways, and literally exploded in the kidney of its recipient. Never in all my life have I witnessed anything so horrible as the agony that now overcame X—. He had fallen upon his knees, with clinched hands and protruded head. They lifted him, and as they did so his cries of pain were a torture to hear. The surgeons were powerless before this unforeseen calamity. Foaming at the mouth with anguish, he pleaded for morphia, for any alleviating drug they might possess. But, fearing the result of anodynes, and yet incapable of deciding upon the real nature of his wound, they could scarcely do much more than watch his unparalleled sufferings. And these lasted for more than an hour, till finally death brought its grateful quietus. And so the duel ended, and Z—'s insulted 'honor' was appeased."

Here is a true story, told of a justly respected country ruled over by a young Emperor who prides himself upon his "enlightenment," and is constantly, in his public speeches and proclamations, using the name of a Christian Deity. One cannot help marveling at the anomaly such a ruler presents. Can his boasted "love" for his subjects be indeed sincere? Would his father, now universally called Frederick the Noble, have tolerated or even permitted such outrages of decency? Why does he not see that a splendid chance of endearing himself to his people lies in the use of his immense influence against this hideous practice of army dueling?

Why does he not fiercely oppose it, also, in the colleges of Jena, Göttingen and Heidelberg, whence young men yearly are emerging with their faces horribly disfigured by brutal cuts of the broadsword? Surely thousands of his country-people would bless him—fathers, mothers, sisters, wives—for taking a distinct and determined stand against such unexterminated barbarism. He professes an enormous love for the "Fatherland," this young "war lord," glib of tongue and profuse in patriotic tirade; but under his very eyes a revolting national cancer is apparent, whose loathsome horrors he has no seeming wish to dispel. We all know that behind the rhapsodical hatred of France for Germany there has ever dwelt one implacable charge. Frenchmen have always insisted that Germans are a semi-



"THEY LIFTED HIM, AND AS THEY DID SO HIS CRIES OF PAIN WERE A TORTURE TO HEAR."

civilized and ruffianly race. France's accusation has not been believed by other countries, for the very sensible reason that Germany long ago proved its fallacy through her marked progress along nearly every intellectual path. But so long as this vulgar and deplorable tyranny of military and collegiate dueling remains, not merely endured but shamelessly applauded in his realm, our imperial young William may well merit the sneers of every wise man whom his unpardonable apathy disgusts. He has already struck his contemporaries as a ruler thirsting for an opportunity of historic self-dis-

function. Instead of grandiloquently scolding his agrarian nobles and pouring royal scorn upon his socialistic dissenters, would it not be well for him to grapple with a question of burning importance, and one which transcends all the babble and prattle and whirligig of political opinion, since it is rooted in the



permanent and elemental meanings of humanity, philanthropy and moral reform?

THE AUDIPHONE.

BY CHARLES LOTIN HILDRETH.

"I PERCEIVE, SIR," said the passenger who had taken his seat beside me at the last station, "that you are interested in scientific subjects."

"Yes," I replied, closing the volume I had been studying, "I am, as you say, profoundly interested in some branches of science."

"It is a fascinating pursuit," said my new acquaintance. "I cannot imagine a happier man than one who devotes himself to experiment and analysis of the wonders of Nature."

"Your remark," I responded, "indicates that you are an adept."

"An adept!" he returned, with a smile. "Oh, no; an ignorant dabbler, at most, but certainly a lover of knowledge. Yes, sir, if you will grant me the right to call myself an adventurer into the realm of the unknown, a mere knight-errant in the world of mystery, I shall claim no more. Just so far as one who loves poetry but is deprived of the power of making rhyme, just so far I am a disciple of science."

My fellow-traveler had a musical voice and a refined intonation. His face was remarkably pale, his cheeks deeply sunken. His hair and beard were almost white, though he could not have been more than forty years of age. His eyes were of an indefinite shade, between green and hazel; and I noticed that, as he talked, the pupils contracted to the merest pin-point, or expanded nearly over the whole orbit. They were, in short, such eyes as a man of irritable nerves does not care to look into. Anyway, they worried me so that during the remainder of our conversation I avoided meeting them. I don't know that I am subject to megrim, in a general way, but I did not like that man's eyes.

I endeavored to shut off further talk between us, by returning to my book; but he was not to be baffled in that fashion. He insisted upon conversing. And as he went on, I confess I became amazed at the scope of his information and the profundity and originality of his ideas. He was thoroughly au courant with the proceedings of the great European scientific societies; and knew literally all about the latest discoveries in the various domains of investigation.

As the train sped on, mile after mile, I found myself listening, entranced, to anecdote after anecdote, experience after experience, story after story—spoken apparently without effort, yet in a key clearly distinct and audible above the roar and rattle of the cars. Darkness drew upon us, and the lamps were lighted; and still I listened, enthralled and charmed.

Suddenly he broke off, and was silent for some moments. Then he turned to me, and I remarked the strange, luminous dilatation of the eye which I have mentioned.

"I, too," he said, at length, with something of solemnity in his manner, "I, too, have been permitted to make a great discovery—a marvelous discovery. But I shall never claim it before the world, never seek any advantage from it. Its secret must die with it. One day, perhaps, a more fortunate investigator may hit upon it, then—"

"Can you not tell me about it," I asked, seeing that he appeared to have fallen into a revelry, "without revealing the elements which you wish to remain unknown?"

"Yes," he said. "I can and will, sir. For want of a better name I have called it the Audiphone. Its principle can be understood by any schoolboy. You have observed, when you have thrown a pebble into a pool, how the waves circle outward from the centre of disturbance, widening and widening, yet never, so far as you could see, reaching a state of absolute quiescence."

Now a sound thrown into the atmosphere, which covers our whole globe to the height of many miles, produces just such waves, spreading on and on, in every direction, mingling and blending with thousands of other sound-waves, yet never being actually lost. You can see for yourself that such a sound, whether the explosion of a cannon, or the faintest whisper, once it has set the air-waves vibrating, no matter how it may be thinned by dispersion or interrupted by other sound circles, can never, scientifically speaking, cease. It must go on forever, to the end of time.

"It occurred to me one day, that some means might be devised whereby these vibrations, waves, eddies and vortices of sound might be separated and disentangled, so to speak, so that one might obtain a reproduction of the original sound, no matter how long ago it might have been cast into the atmosphere.

"I need not trouble you with the history of my labors, the twilight glimpses of hope, the profounder gloom of utter failure. I had a small patrimony which sufficed to keep me, not only in comfort, but, had I desired it, in what is called affluence. I sacrificed it to my quest. There was a still greater sacrifice—"

He turned his face aside, and catching the outline of his features against the pane, I noted that his lips were trembling convulsively.

"I had won the love of a beautiful woman," he went on, in tones so broken that I could scarcely grasp their import. "She loved me as I believe few men have been loved; and I—oh, what foolish, feeble things words are to express what I felt for her! To say that I would have laid down my life for her, is merely to repeat a phrase which lovers have uttered in the noontide of passion, in all time, the world over. But I would have done it as gladly as ever a reveler went to a feast.

"But the fascination of my discovery had grown upon me, until it obscured and swallowed up every other thought, hope and impulse of my nature. In the beginning I had meant to accomplish something she should be proud of. I had meant to lay my fame at her feet. But there came a time when I forgot even her, in the absorption of my pursuit.

"I visited her more and more rarely, and I saw, yet would not see, that my neglect was killing her. I saw how pale and languid she was; I understood the unutterable yearning of her smile, the meek reproach of her kiss. But the inventor's madness had hold of me, and I would not—nay, I could not, relent.

"At last, one night—it was, in fact, nearer morning—the great secret was revealed to me. I had accomplished my object. The fruit of months of toil and sacrifice was ripe and in my hand. I hastened to bear it to my betrothed, to share my happiness with her. It was yet early in the day when I reached her dwelling. There was a knot of crape upon the bell-handle, the hideous sign of death. She had passed away during the night. She had sent, I was told, a message, begging me to come to her; but I had not listened, had not heard, had utterly ignored it. And now she was dead!

"I tottered down the steps and wandered away, I know not where. The days that followed are a dim, sorrowful dream in my memory. I have no clear recollection of anything, until, one night, I seemed to awake with a start out of a long, troubled, feverish slumber, to find myself in my study, with my invention before me. For a moment the impulse seized me to dash in pieces the demon which had ruined my life, rendered my days miserable and my nights terrible.

"But the old fascination enchaind me still. I could not destroy the thing, though I hated it. It had cost me all that a man has to give—love, hope, happiness; yet I could not dash it to the ground and trample it into powder, as I was impelled to do. So, in spite of my repugnance, I adjusted the mechanism, and applied my ear to the orifice.

"I drew back, stunned and overwhelmed with the mighty volume of sound—the cries, shouts, laughter, weeping, the tumult of a mob, the stirring accents of an orator, the wailing of a sick child, the singing of a girl—that seemed to sweep by me upon the wings of a whirling tempest. Presently, however, the chaos shaped itself into an orderly succession. Up, as from unfathomable abysses, far, as from immeasurable distance, came words I had read in history, uttered in tones long since hushed in the tomb.

"Fellow-patriots, soldiers and friends, I bid you farewell!"

"Washington! Washington!"

"I knew that in those calm, sweet, solemn tones, I was listening again to Washington's farewell to his officers, spoken more than a century ago.

"Then, for a space, came chaos again—noises indistinguishable, interblended, inseparable. But slowly out of the confusion grew intelligible sounds, the blast of a trumpet, the earthquake tremor of a thousand hoof-beats, the clash and clang of armor, the rush and shock of armed men, the rending war-shout, 'Ha, Beau Seant! Ha, Beau Seant! St. George and Merry England! Richard! Richard, Cœur de Lion!'

"Sir, I perceive that you draw back from me, and look at me askance; but you should have been prepared for what I had to tell you. Falsehood you will scarce accuse me of. Madness!—well, sir, I fancy few innovators from Galen to Galvani, from Socrates to Herbert Spencer, have escaped that imputation. I can well support the same. Therefore, I do not even pause to defend myself. I could recite to you the song with which Caesar's legions marched to battle with the Nervii; I could repeat the farewell words between Antony and Cleopatra before the fatal engagement at Actium. I could tell you what hymn it was the Sabeen priest intoned to the stars upon his tower when Babylon was still the 'hundred-gated' mistress of the world. Ay, I could reveal the magic incantations of the mysterious 'Sisters of Cuth,' whose charms held the moon fixed in its orbit and turned the planets back in their courses. But I must not, I am forbid.

"And oh!" his voice rose to an accent of bitterest grief, "my accursed invention brought back to my ears the very words, the very accents of her whom I loved when she lay dying.

"Tell him," I heard, "that I died from his neglect, but that with my dying breath I forgive him; and may God pardon him as freely as I do."

"Come, sir, come!" cried a sharp voice at the ear door, as the train drew up at the station of a large

town. "Come, you know you promised to give us no trouble."

My fellow-passenger arose and followed the person who had summoned him without a word of protest.

"Harmless as a baby, sir," whispered the keeper. "But a hopeless case."

CANADA'S CANAL AT THE SOO.

BY JEREMY CLAY.

THE closing of the other day, for the season, of the new Canadian canal at Sault Ste. Marie suggests naturally a retrospective glance at the conditions under which the canal was born and built. The insurrection at Fort Garry headed by Riel in 1870 called for the immediate transportation thither of troops to put down that rising without loss of time and in such a summary manner as to entirely convince individuals with rebellious proclivities that raising the standard of revolt against the law and the Government in Canada was not a desirable vocation. The troops were in readiness, and, under the command of Colonel Wolsley, now Commander-in-Chief of the Forces of Great Britain, were ordered West. But at this juncture the Government of the United States said they would not allow a military force from Canada to pass through their canal on the Michigan shore, which was the only canal then in existence at the Soo. However, the forces had to reach their destination, and they ultimately did; but the refusal of the United States Government necessitated a more toilsome and tedious journey. This episode, and the additional cost of the conduct of the troops, and the unforeseen delay, opened the eyes of Canadians to the importance of their possessing a canal of their own at Sault Ste. Marie; but it was not until some years later, despite the national conviction of the necessity of being independent, that the idea was put into practical execution. The blotting out of Riel's self-appointed Government at Winnipeg (Fort Garry) and the restoration of peace and law and order rendered the people insensible to their first impressions, although intermittently for many years following the Fort Garry affair the comparative urgency of building a Canadian Soo Canal was discussed. But in 1888 the Parliament of Canada took hold of the matter in a practical and decisive way. The necessary bill was passed, and the contract for this great work was let the same year. So that the national dream of eighteen years came true at last, thanks to the progressive policy of the men directly and individually responsible for the filling of this national requirement.

There can be no question as to the need of this canal. While it is hoped and believed that at no period will anything but peaceful and friendly relations exist between the United States and Canada, it is best that the latter country should have a canal of her own as she has an ocean-to-ocean railway of her own, that she should be in fact independent, as the United States is independent. The Canadian marine as they use their own canal will experience a feeling of national independence; but on the other hand it is sincerely to be hoped that at no time will the masters of American vessels plying on the Great Lakes refrain from using the Canadian lock through any false sentiment of national prejudice. This would be as undesirable and deplorable as the action of the American lock officials has been commendable, who, previous to the opening of the Canadian canal, made generous offers of their assistance to facilitate that end. Gratifying, indeed, to the American marine, and no less to those who have at heart the existence of really friendly relations between the two great nations of this continent, must have been the laudable fact that the new Canadian lock was opened and put into operation at a period in trade and traffic when the American lock was overcrowded; and equally gratifying to Canadians with similar sentiments must have been the fact that American vessel owners availed themselves of the advantage thus given them by the Canadian Government, thereby stimulating the proper spirit of national friendship, and at the same time putting money into their pockets. It is therefore to be hoped that there is no truth in the press dispatches to the effect that the controllers of American vessels have refrained recently from using the Canadian lock at the Soo through silly feelings of national jealousy and prejudice, though it is possible that one or two individual cases of some such display of mistaken national zeal may have given rise to the sensational dispatches referred to.

Commercially, there is no possible reason why the new Canadian canal at the Soo should not be a great success and a splendidly paying national investment. The great trade of the great West is annually increasing, though it is nothing now to what it must ultimately be. Port Arthur is rapidly growing; and the country thereabout, rich in untold wealth, is as rapidly springing into national, international and world-wide importance. The Canadian mercantile marine of the Lakes must be of necessity stimulated by the possession of an independent trade route between Lake Superior and Lake Huron, between the East and the West. And most important of all, there is now removed the possibility of a commercially hostile Government, if such should actually exist at any period in the future domestic history of the United States and Canada, closing this great trade route against Canadians and Canadian trade. Canada has now a path of her own. The wonder is, indeed, considering the importance of its possession, that a Canadian canal at Sault Ste. Marie did not exist long ago.

From a national, a purely national standpoint, Canadians may be as proud of their new canal as the Americans will very probably be of their own new one, now nearing completion. The completion and opening of the Canadian canal bore testimony to the progress and prosperity of Canadians as a people, and to their ever-increasing need of greater and national avenues for the country's growing commerce. But it bore testimony in no less a degree to another important national fact, worthy of national observation and praise. I refer to the fact that everything used in connection with the construction of the canal was supplied by Canada, and that all the individuals concerned, either architecturally or manually, were Canadians. Canada was able to supply the men and the plant. The supervising and archi-

tectural intelligence and genius were Canadian, the mechanical and manual skill, and the plant in all its various essential parts were Canadian. And the superior quality of the work, the appearance of the finished work, bear testimony to the admirableness of both men and matter. The canal is therefore essentially Canadian in the best sense of the word; and being a triumph of architectural skill it is also a national achievement and triumph, a splendid monument to the progressive policy of the men responsible for the work having been finally undertaken and to the men responsible for the work itself.

Architecturally speaking, the new Canadian canal at the Soo impresses the visitor, be he foreigner or Canadian, even if he be of a superficial nature. The largeness of its dimensions and the finish and fine character of its construction in every detail could not but inspire a feeling of surprise and delight and respectful regard in the most apathetic mind. The plans for the lock were greatly altered and amended before being finally decided upon; but the lock itself now testifies to the fact that each change made in the plans was only made for the better. The chief change made in the first plans embraced the lengthening and deepening of the chamber; but the third plans covered a still more important matter—namely, the reduction of the width of the chamber by forty feet from the width proposed in the former plans and the alteration of curved entrances to lines straight with the walls of the chamber. In this connection it is well to refer to the fact that in the opinion of many who have considered the point, the curved chamber is an inadmirable feature of the present American lock. The United States engineers originally intended having gates eighty feet wide for this Michigan lock, but later on thought that gates of this great width might not be a perfectly safe investment; and as a result of this the entrances were brought down to sixty feet. Hence the curved or "pocket" conformation of the chamber of the American lock, and which it is said is not a desirable feature for more reasons than one, the chief reason being the time lost by vessels in getting away, through being "pocketed."

The new Canadian canal has therefore a straight-walled chamber, which is nine hundred feet long between the gates and sixty feet wide; with a navigable depth of twenty-two feet of water in the lock at lowest water mark ever recorded in the river below the lock. Moreover, the lock can be filled in a remarkably short space of time—in about one-half the time taken by the American lock. It can accommodate at one lockage more vessels than the American lock; and it was the sight of his lifetime, said one of the Great Lakes "seadogs," to see one afternoon three American steamers, with a combined length of nine hundred and thirty-six feet and a combined registered tonnage of five thousand tons, being put through together, all three in the lock at the same time.

At present Canadians possess the premier canal at Sault Ste. Marie; but when the American lock now in course of construction is completed and opened to navigation, it is doubtful which, if either, will have any advantage over the other either in point of efficiency or appearance. The chamber of the new American lock will not be so long as the chamber of the Canadian lock, but the latter is little more than half the width of the other. In this connection it is interesting to recall the fact already referred to that the engineers who were concerned in the construction, or rather the reconstruction, of the Michigan lock (the American one at present in use, which was built in 1855 and very much improved and enlarged some years later) reduced the width of the entrances of the chamber of that lock rather than use gates eighty feet wide, which they considered would be "hazardous." But the engineers concerned in the construction of the new American lock decided upon a width of one hundred feet for the chamber of that lock. Now, in the second plans of the Canadian lock gates of that great width, one hundred feet, were included; but the Public Works Department official after consideration came to the conclusion that gates one hundred feet wide would be an extremely hazardous venture. Owing to this decision, the third and final plans reduced the width of the Canadian lock chamber to sixty feet. It is anticipated that the new American lock will be ready for use in 1897. It will then be interesting to note whether the great one hundred-foot gates are as thoroughly satisfactory as the narrower ones, particularly since the opinion of those concerned in the reconstruction of the present American lock has not been the opinion of those responsible for the proportions of the new American lock. Should the very wide gates prove not altogether satisfactory, it will then be well to remember that the Canadian Public Works official who was responsible for the final plans of the Canadian lock decided not to hazard gates of such great width, contenting himself with lengthening the chamber in order that several vessels might enter the lock at the same time, one behind the other.

The Canadian lock is undoubtedly in every respect a splendid achievement; and there can be no doubt that when completed the new American lock will be a thoroughly magnificent affair, and possibly, on account of the great width of its chamber, even more imposing than the Canadian lock. Sault Ste. Marie and St. Mary's will then possess two monuments to engineering and architectural skill and triumph unsurpassed on any continent. The American lock will be of the same navigable depth as the Canadian lock, and the largest vessels plying upon the Great Lakes will be able to pass through either lock, some of these vessels being much larger than many ocean steamers. And finally, one point of importance from a Canadian view must not be overlooked; as the present American lock has been the source of the growth and progress and prosperity of the "American Soo," so Canada's new canal will be the means in the immediate future—a future even already entered upon—of raising the Canadian town to the proportions of a prospering and progressive city.

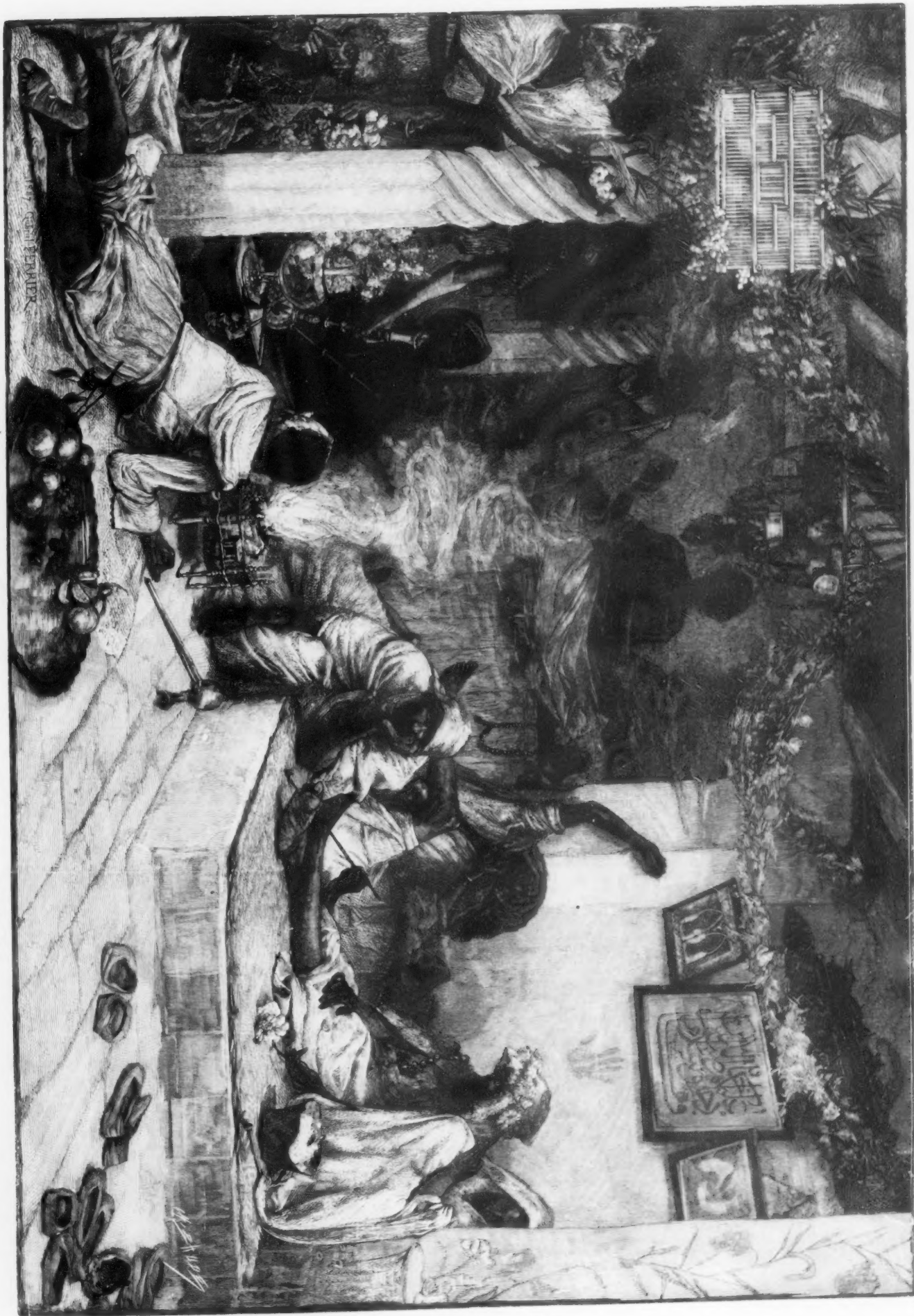
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A LETTER FROM OVER THE SEA.
DRAWN BY F. ANDREOTTI.

THE OPIUM SMOKERS.—FROM THE PAINTING BY GABRIEL FERRIER.



THE REQUIEM OF PÉRE LA BROUSSE.

Silent over the northern wilderness
Lay deep and still. The solemn sky,
Its vast vault sown with sparkling stars,
Roofed the dim world, while far and high
Majestic hills, with forests clad,
Rose grand and sombre from the vale,
Their foreheads white with broken clouds
And scarred by winter's frost and gale.

Midway the forest, like a road
Of black and beaten iron, flowed
The shadowy Saguenay. Its tide,
That lapped great Hespéras's side,
And darkened through the awful pass
Of cleft Eternity's huge mass,
Bore flowed as calm as amber wine
Between its bordering ranks of pine,
No sound was heard, or high or low,
Save the dark water's murmurous flow,
And now and then the startled flight
Of some winged creature in the night.

Upon his pallet dying lay

Good Pére la Brosse, beloved priest,
No tapers lit his lonely hut,
As darkness o'er the wild increased,
But God's stars kindled sad and pale
Above the forest, where he slept,
And there was chanting in the pines,
And heaven with its night-dews wept,
The loneliest pioneer of Faith.

Was Pére la Brosse. For year by year
He wandered, bringing Christ's dear love
Unto His dusky children near.
And now, overtaken by disease,
Alone, and racked with sore distress,
He lay in this poor hunter's lodge,
A-dying in the wilderness.
Alas! how sad that he who shrived
So many passing souls, should come
In silence to the gates of death,
With utter pain and weakness dumb!
Will God in heaven send no sign
To cheer His aged servant's soul—
No vision of angelic hosts

'Round whom the shining mist uproll?

But hark! What means that music far,
As if it echoed from a star?
A silvery concord of sweet bells
Through all the listening forest swells.
The good priest hears. A faint smile plays
Across his pale, uplifted face;—
And then, upborne through cloud and night,
His saintly spirit takes its flight.

That hour, along the Saguenay
From Lake St. John to Châteaus Bay,
Each parish woke from slumber's spell
At tolling of its chapel bell.
No priests the measured anthem sang,
No mortal hands the requiem rang,
But angels o'er that forest hid
The dead priest's Resurrection tolled,
Till all the wilderness was bound
In one vast, circling, solemn sound.
And rapt in death lay Pére la Brosse,
With white hands folded o'er his cross.

—JAMES BUCKHAM.

A TRAGEDY.

BY S. E. M'KEE

"BUM, bum, bum," droned a big, yellow-banded Bumble Bee as he dusted his head with the yellow pollen of the Golden Rod to make it match his yellow stripes, for he was vain as any gallant at the Court of Queen Bess, and he felt confident that a mistake had been made when he was given those gorgeous yellow bands and only a plain black velvet head. He had looked admiringly at the lovely pink cheeks of my lady when dressed for a drive in the park, and thought if it made woman pretty to paint red spots on her cheeks why should not a Bumble Bee improve his appearance by powdering his black head to match his yellow bands, for the Bumble Bee is rather a stupid fellow and has not the best taste in the world. He paused in his toilet operations, for he thought he heard a little pop, though it was so faint no human ear could have detected it.

"That sounds like a pistol-shot," said the Bee, who had never heard a pistol-shot. Then came an equally faint beating sound.

"That sounds like a child tearing its apron on a blackberry brier," for he had often heard that sound, and he spread his gauzy wings and swept swiftly through the air to see if an enemy was in sight; but, finding none, he returned to the Golden Rod and asked her if she had heard those suspicious sounds.

"Yes, it was that Grasshopper over there just bursting into the world," she replied, tossing her head in that direction; "and in less than an hour's time he will be hopping over everything, kicking one's pollen and eating up one's leaves and making one look like a fright. I wish you would thrust your sword into his vitals while he is trying to get those long legs of his out of the case. You could do it so easily," she added, coaxingly, and she danced before him as gracefully as did the daughter of Herodias when she wanted the head of John the Baptist.

"Nay, nay," droned the Bumble Bee, in his deepest chest voice, "that would not be right, fair Mistress Golden Rod. But if, when he hath withdrawn those long legs and hath gathered his full measure of strength, he should do thee wrong in the matter of eating and kicking, right gladly will I draw my sword in thy defense. I fain would pleasure you, fair mistress," he went on, "but surely you would not wish me to destroy a defenseless creature."

The Golden Rod pouted and hung her yellow head, and when presently the Bumble Bee buzzed off to the Milkweeds across the path out of hearing she whispered to the Iron Weed that stood beside her that she believed he was afraid of that Grasshopper, and she had heard it whispered that he was sadly henpecked and that his wife carried the only sting that was used in that family, and did the Iron Weed notice what a white face he had. She was sure that he was afraid.

But the Iron Weed paid little attention. She was as tall again as the little Golden Rod, but was not old enough yet to be dressed up in her pink pompons and cared more for a frolic with the wind than she did for the gossip always going on among the flowers; so the Golden Rod turned to Black-Eyed Susan (as she loves to call herself instead of Nigger Head, which is the name the children give her), who was fluttering all her gay yellow ribbons as she danced with a little blue Butterfly.

"Yes," assented Black-Eyed Susan, panting a little (for the Butterfly family are all indefatigable dancers), "I notice when boys want to show their skill by catching a Bumble Bee, and not letting him sting them, that they always catch the white-faced fellow, but they let that fierce, black-faced wife of his alone. But," lowering her voice to a whisper, "have you seen the newcomer, just beyond you, near young Iron Weed? Did you ever see a more elegant form? So straight and trim! Not round and shaggy, like that old Bumble Bee, and not shedding his pollen like a Butterfly if one happens to bump against him in dancing, as one sometimes will when the wind is high. Yes, I know he calls that the scales off his wings, but it is fine and powdery and looks just like pollen."

"Do you mean that green Grasshopper?" asked Golden Rod, doubtfully.

"To be sure I do; and what a lovely pale-green complexion he has, and with that figure of course his movements must be the perfection of grace. I really think—o-o-h!" and the Nigger Head covered amid her yellow ribbons as the object of her admiration suddenly shot through the air with his long legs trailing behind him like the tail of a comet. He landed on a spear of grass that was carried by his weight into the midst of the Milkweeds and jostled the Bumble Bee from his seat beside the tallest of the flowers.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but was that intentional?" asked the irate Bumble Bee, hovering in the air above the sprawling Grasshopper and making as if he would draw his sword.

The Grasshopper, who was busily gathering his unaccustomed legs into shape for another trial trip, said: "My good fellow, what makes you think it? Do you not see that this is my first attempt at jumping, and a pretty fair one, too?" he added, boastfully, turning his skinny head over his shoulder to see what distance he had covered. "If I go on in this way I shall be able to jump clear up to the sun when winter comes and everything down here freezes up," he added, complacently.

The Bumble Bee was offended, but somehow he did not like to contradict the Grasshopper and say that he was not a good fellow, for he thought he was, or that the Grasshopper could not jump up to the sun, for he was not certain about it, so he said nothing, which is much the wisest course if one does not know what to say.

The Grasshopper went here and there, trying his bony legs and making wonderfully long leaps (for he is the Kangaroo of the insect world). Then he came back to the Milkweeds and said to the Bumble Bee: "I see you have other means of going around the world, but I should be afraid to trust myself to those airy, transparent things you float around with, though you can furl them very neatly," and he looked on approvingly as the Bee folded them in a neat little stack on his back.

"But just look at that little fellow yonder, dressed in blue," pointing in the most ill-bred manner at the little blue Butterfly still fluttering around his friends, Golden Rod and Black-Eyed Susan. "Just see how much sail he carries and no manner of furling except by shutting them together above his back. If the wind takes him sideways he is bound to go over. Even in so light a wind as we have to-day he can't steer worth a cent. He must long to drop anchor as all these flowers seem to have done," went on the talkative creature. Then lowering his voice a little, "I wonder if they are relations. There is a great resemblance."

"Methinks he can steer as well as thou, judging from the manner of thy landing here but a moment since," murmured the Bumble Bee in his deepest tones, still incensed from the accident and not pleased by the free comments of the newcomer.

"Well," said the bragart, "in a mighty short time I will be ready to show you whether I can steer a straight course or not, and then I am willing to race that little blue fellow and see which reaches a given point first. Just watch him fluttering about. He don't know which way he wants to go, and if he did he carries too much sail to get there. The wind veers him to the right or left. Just see him now! He thinks he is coming here," pausing a little, "and sure enough he is," the Grasshopper murmured as the Butterfly dropped down amid the Milkweeds and slowly fanned himself—as you have seen a languid beauty do—with his shining wings.

"How do you do, my gay little dandy? You don't seem to feel at all blue this morning if you do look it," said the forward Grasshopper in his rasping voice.

The Butterfly tried hard to think up a witty retort in which the green color of the Grasshopper should play a prominent part, but before he could get the words arranged so that the remark should sound *real cutting and spontaneous* time passed and it was too late for it; but one of the Milkweeds, an old friend of his, said softly: "'Tis better to be sweet than to be bitter," and she tendered him a pale pink chalice filled with honey, and he swallowed his anger and the honey together, first uncaring for the latter purpose his proboscis, which he always carries in a neat little roll tucked under his chin.

"'Tis the nectar of the gods, my friend, and gives me the strength of Jove," he said. Then, turning to the Grasshopper with great dignity, he went on: "Some remarks of yours floated across the path to the effect that you would like to race with me, and knowing you to be a stranger I thought you might not have a friend at hand who could bring me a challenge. Therefore, I came across to inquire if we may not possibly dispense with all formality of that sort. That is, if Bumble Bee will kindly consent to go with us to the starting-point and start us fairly, and the Milkweeds see who reaches the goal first."

"Methinks, friend Grasshopper," said the Bumble Bee, solemnly nodding his yellow powdered head, "'tis a generous offer to a newcomer and one which you

would do yourself proud to accept. It is not every one who has the privilege of racing with such a high flyer. To be sure, his family is not one of the Astors or Vanderbilts of our world, like my cousins the Honey Bees, or the Ant family. They belong rather to the Ward McAllister side of society, and," with a shrewd side glance from some fifty or sixty of his eyes, "methinks that is the rank to which thou shouldst also aspire, for I see that thou carriest no treasure with thee, neither any sack or pouch to gather as thou goest through the world; so 'On with the dance' and let the race come off, and I will e'en stop from my labors long enough to see the start." (That was another cracker of the Bumble's like his offering to draw his sword, for he labored like the Indian while Mrs. B., like the squaw, built the house, furnished it with combs, laid in the supplies of honey and took care of the children.)

"Yes, yes, let the race come off!" cried the Milkweeds, waving all their pink cups joyously. "We have had nothing to amuse us since the swallows stopped building under the eaves of the barn. They used to come here in clouds to gather up little pellets of mud from the margin of the brook, and it was most interesting to watch them; but a race is a livelier thing if you are tall enough to see it."

"And let the course be past us so that we can greet the victor," called Black-Eyed Susan from across the path, looking at the green Grasshopper as if she knew who would carry off the honors.

So they set off, the Bumble Bee droning a monotonous song as he went, flying low across the short grass, the lean and sinewy Grasshopper trying various experiments in long and short leaping and the Butterfly tacking and turning in the wind, now swift, now slow, as capricious as the fancy of a child.

It had been decided that the best place to start from was the wild rose-bush that grew in the fence-corner down by the barn. The Bee gave the signal, the Rose gracefully dropped a pink petal, and they were off like the wind. But just then a freckled-faced little boy appeared and a childish voice cried: "Just watch me catch that Bumble Bee!" and he sprang so suddenly in their path that the Grasshopper went plump against him, and the leap that was intended for a long one was stopped so suddenly that the poor Grasshopper was knocked almost senseless, and before he could recover himself an old mother hen that was taking her downy children out for a walk in the lane seized him in her horny beak, tore him limb from limb and distributed him among her clamorous brood, who ate him up at once. Too much shocked by the tragedy to notice what he was doing the Butterfly turned a broadside to the wind and was driven by it so close to the surface of the brook that a silver-sided fish leaped from the water with wide-open jaws. One gay blue wing was left to rise and fall upon the widening ripples. The fish had eaten him.

The flowers watched and waited for three minutes, but the racers came not. Then a gorgeous yellow Butterfly, with his wings embroidered in black, came and partook daintily of their proffered honey, and two brown Grasshoppers came and ate the leaves and kicked the pollen off the Golden Rod, and Black-Eyed Susan's yellow ribbons shriveled and curled up, and only the mother Bumble Bee mourned because her white-faced spouse came not.

THE PRIZE STORY.

BY ALICE LOUISE LEE.

FIFTY DOLLARS!—A large sum of money for a small district school-teacher to possess. At least so thought its recipient, Mollie Foster, the teacher who had been established in the little brown schoolhouse at Slocum Corners for eight months; and fifty dollars equalled three months' salary.

One of the prizes offered by the Walcott *Flaindealer* had been awarded Mollie. No words of hers could express her gratification and delight, although her letters home attempted the task. Of course the home people must know of her success at once, but from the people of Slocum Corners she sedulously guarded her secret. The *Flaindealer* was taken in nearly every home at the Corners, and some day, when her story appeared, the fact in all its glory would burst on the people that their little school-teacher was an embryo authoress.

Not for the world would Mollie detract from that supreme moment of joy by telling one word of what had occurred herself.

Many an idle half-hour was spent in imagining what this one would say to her; how another would look at her; to what a high degree the people's respect for the teacher would be increased when they read from her pen a story which had taken the prize over hundreds of others!

Vain thoughts; but Mollie was young and ambitious, and this was her first success.

The story, long expected by one at least, appeared in an issue of the *Flaindealer* in early May, just a month before Mollie's school closed. She took her copy from the office early one morning on her way to school. It had arrived the night before in company with dozens of similar copies.

As Mollie opened the paper and on the first page beheld her own name and the information that the story printed below had drawn the prize of fifty dollars, her heart swelled with pardonable pride. At last Slocum Corners knew!

The story was such a simple, funny little sketch of district school-teaching! Mollie could not resist taking little peeps at it during the day and wondered how such funny characters had ever occurred to her.

School was dismissed as usual at four o'clock, but the five little Hubbles tarried. They were all small, because Jo, the eldest, was undersized for a boy of eleven, and Mina, the youngest, was large for the infant of five that she was. The Hubble children were deft and quietly gathering their books together on top of their desks. Mina stood in the middle of the floor chewing her bonnet-string and carrying her primer under her arm, before Mollie noticed what they were doing. The Hubbles were plainly preparing to depart with all their goods.

"Children," cried Mollie, "what does this mean? Why are you gathering up your books?"

Jo was muttering unintelligibly at his desk.

"Jo, answer me this moment!" demanded his teacher, hurrying down the aisle. "What are you doing with your books?"

"Fixin' 'em to carry home. Should think you could see with half an eye."

Was this surly little fellow the bright, good-natured Jo of the day before? Mollie was nearly overcome with surprise.

"Ma's as mad as a hornet," volunteered Jo, further, as he tied up his books, "and she says if you should be in any ways anxious to find out her opinion of you, jest give 'er a call and you'll git it," and the Hubbles departed.

"That I'll do speedily," was Mollie's response to Jo's last remark.

What could have offended Mrs. Hubble? She had been so kind and obliging and careful regarding the filling of Mollie's dinner-basket the week she had boarded at that good woman's home.

The five children tramped silently through the dust and as quietly after them walked Mollie in quest of their mother's "opinion."

Mrs. Hubble sat on the porch of her house rocking. Beside her sat her nearest neighbor, also rocking and knitting. Mrs. Hubble raised her voice as the five small children filed through the gateway.

"Here you young'uns! Take them books right up in the front room and put 'em in the big box. It 'ud be one spell before you'll want 'em again, I can tell ye!"

The children passed their irate mother and went upstairs. Mollie seated herself, uninvited, on the top step. Mrs. Hubble returned her greeting shortly and there was silence. Mrs. Hubble rocked violently and rumpled the *Plaineader* in her hands. Her neighbor knit and tried to appear unconscious of the restraint. Mrs. Hubble evidently needed an incentive to induce her to deliver her "opinion."

"Mrs. Hubble," began Mollie, "I was surprised to see your children taking their books away from school this afternoon."

"Do tell! Was ye?" snapped Mrs. Hubble. She evidently did not believe her son's statement, that she was as mad as a hornet.

"Yes, I was astonished," returned Mollie with spirit; "and I came to ask you why they left."

Mrs. Hubble grew red in the face. The veins on her forehead swelled. She breathed hard a moment and then burst out with:

"I'll send them children to a teacher who can keep truth on her side, and I tell you that kind of a teacher ain't a-keepin' school in this district at present. When an upstart schoolmarm writes a piece about my young'uns and calls Jo a red-head and says Olive's cross-eyed and Philander squints and Lem squeaks and Mina acts as if she'd got the Saint Vitus' Dance and toes in to boot, it's time *some one* got their comin' up!"

As Mrs. Hubble had been delivering this tirade with one breath, when the breath was exhausted she was obliged to rest.

Mollie looked at the *Plaineader* in Mrs. Hubble's hand. A light was beginning to dawn on her. It was becoming plain to her where she had found such funny characters. She had written that story out of her own experience—and that of the Hubbles'. She had not intended to picture those five children.

"Why, Mrs. Hubble," gasped Mollie, "I never intended those children to be your children at all." Still the truth was borne in upon her that unconsciously she had pictured them.

"I don't care about your intentions. There they be as natural as life, or would be," Mrs. Hubble made haste to correct herself, "if you hadn't told such a mess of lies about 'em. I s'pose you thought you'd fool me by givin' 'em different names, but I don't fool like that. Any one at Slocum Corners would know 'em for my young'uns. Wouldn't you, Mrs. Smith?" appealing to the silent listener.

"Wall," admitted Mrs. Smith, "I did think of your children right off when I read the story."

"There!" said Mrs. Hubble, in a tone of triumph; "and you know Jo ain't got red hair?" anxiously.

Mrs. Smith moved uneasily. "It had a pretty close call to red," she said, truthfully.

"But it missed the call, thank goodness!" snapped Mrs. Hubble.

All Mollie could do was to sit and helplessly reiterate: "I never meant the children in the story to be your children."

"You did!" almost shouted Mrs. Hubble; "and I want you to know my young'uns are every whit as good-lookin' as you are, an' I won't send 'em to a teacher who can write such lies about 'em!"

This remark seemed conclusive, and might have been heard, Mollie thought, as she tramped down the road, by the doctor coming around the turn a half-mile away. Dr. Ames stopped his horse and gave Mollie a warm handshake. He was in the best of spirits.

"That story of yours is capital," he said, heartily. A smile burst over Mollie's face like a sunbeam. "I laughed over it until my sides ached. The way you give it to old Slocum was rich. He's one angry man. I tell you! I'm afraid you'll be obliged to settle with him, though. If you do, keep a stiff upper lip, for everything you have written is true. Success to you!" called the doctor, gaily, as he rode away. School Director Slocum and Dr. Ames were not friends.

A tear trickled down Mollie's cheek as she stood in the road where the doctor had left her. Publicity, after all, has its drawbacks. And this was the day for which she had longed so many weeks!

There was a school director in her story, and—yes—he was very like Mr. Slocum. She had intentionally used a few of the man's peculiarities, thinking they would never be known; but the more Mollie thought of it, as she walked toward the schoolhouse, the more she became convinced that unintentionally she had put Mr. Slocum unchanged except in name into her story.

The hint which the doctor had let fall as to the state of the school director's feelings somewhat prepared Mollie for the sight of that person hitching his horse before the schoolhouse door the next day. It was recess-time, and the four children who remained under

her tutelage were playing in the yard. Nine children had composed the school until the five Hubbles departed.

Mr. Slocum entered the schoolhouse with much stamping of the feet and clearing of his throat. Mollie handed him the only chair the room afforded and seated herself on the top of a low desk.

"I see you've got only four scholars left," began Mr. Slocum.

Mollie said meekly: "Yes, sir. The Hubble children left yesterday."

Mr. Slocum cleared his throat again.

"So I hear. That's what ye git by printin' trash about folks," said the director, severely. "I don't blame Hubble a mite fer takin' his young'uns out of school."

"I didn't mean the Hubble children when I wrote my story," began Mollie.

"You didn't!" interrupted Mr. Slocum in sarcasm. "Mebby you'll say it ain't me that's dished up in fine style in that air same story?"

"I didn't mean you," said Mollie, in a weak voice. Mr. Slocum paid no attention to her assertion.

"Here you've gone and set me up before the hull neighborhood as a man that can't talk straight and spells like the old Jehosophat!—and I reckon I can talk as straight and fast and long as any man around these parts. And as fer spellin', there's not a man nor woman that could tech me fer spellin' in this here old schoolhouse years ago. And I'll be blamed if you haven't gone and put in the very same letter I write you when I gave you this school, only you've made sech a mess of the spellin' I wouldn't have knowed it if it hadn't been fer the old woman." Mr. Slocum's voice was rising in his wrath.

"I would have come down here yesterday and give you a piece of my mind that's worth havin', but she advised me to sleep over it a night. I did, but I got up this mornin' madder'n ever. I reckon you'd never have got that letter to put in yer story if I'd know'd you a little better. I'll bet you won't git another school around here lively from me. But the thing that made me maddest was when you called me stingy. That made the dander fly!"

"But, Mr. Slocum," began Mollie, desperately. Mr. Slocum paid no attention to her.

"There's Dr. Ames a-blarneyin' all over the place about yer story and callin' every one's attention to it. I shouldn't wonder if he'd carry it around in his pocket fer the sake of showin' what you've said about me."

Mr. Slocum drew a deep breath and took a fresh start.

"But that ain't what I came around here to say. There's only four scholars left here, and my sister she says she'd as lief her two would take a rest, and it don't pay to squander the destrict's money on jest two scholars. So I guess," continued Mr. Slocum, eying Mollie hard, "I guess you may as well close up here to-night fer good and all. There's the pay that's comin' to you, and I may as well say it's more than you've earned a-foolin' away your time on stories and everything but your work here."

Indignant tears arose to Mollie's eyes, but Mr. Slocum gave her no opportunity for words. He backed I out of the door and climbed into his wagon, still talking. "Next time you send a piece to the *Plaineader* better send one worth readin'," was his parting shot.

Mollie was inclined at first to indulge in a hearty cry as she gathered together her few possessions around the schoolroom. But as she reflected that her innocent story had brought her fifty dollars, while the loss of one month's teaching only reduced her salary by fifteen, she concluded to laugh instead, and count herself richer not only in dollars, but experience, by the writing of that story.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

BY ALICE E. STEVENS.

"WON'T you tell us a story, Uncle Frank?" we asked, as we sat on the piazza one warm evening last summer, watching the moon rise in a cloudless sky, from the ocean apparently, and cast its bright beams over the wave-cranked waters in a long, bright band of light.

Uncle Frank had traveled so much, had met with so many strange adventures and had seen so many people and places that he was always able to tell us something about himself or others to interest and instruct us.

Perhaps our surroundings at the time recalled the incident to his mind, for, from where we were sitting, we could hear the waves as they rolled in and broke on the sand, and see, in the beams of moonlight, the whiteness of the foam-crested water of that part of Massachusetts Bay. At any rate, he gave us the following story, after tipping back his chair, placing his feet on the piazza-rail and waiting until we had seated ourselves around him in a semicircle.

"It was the summer when I was seventeen and was spending my vacation at my grandparents' in Nova Scotia that this event happened. They lived about a mile from a part of the Bay of Fundy where the tides are especially high. Of course you all know something of the high tides and perhaps of some of the other peculiarities of this bay, but if you have never been near it you can't realize its grandeur and power.

"My grandfather's pasture-land sloped down to the flats of the bay, and when the tide was out the cattle often wandered down on to them in search of mussels and other small shell-fish; but when they would hear the first, low, distant rumble of the approaching water—for you can hear it coming before you can see it—they would run as fast as they possibly could, and sometimes would scarcely reach their pasture when the great wall of water would have covered the place over which they had been running.

"Well, my grandfather had some very fine horses; and a beautiful colt, that was old enough to have left behind it its youthful capers, was given to me as a birthday present. What youngster of my age would not have been proud of a gift like that? I certainly was, and spent many pleasant hours riding horseback over the long country roads. I named him Alexander, and on all my long rides he seemed to be docile and obedient and in no way inclined to play tricks.

"One day I decided to take a ride down on the flats of the bay for a change, and obtain some of the fine seaweed and moss to be found there. As I was mounting Alexander, I happened to mention the direction of my ride to Pat, my grandfather's hired man.

"Be ye goin' fur down the flats?" he asked.

"Oh, a mile or two," I answered.

"Sure, an' if I was you, I wouldn't be after a goin' down there wid thet pony thin; take Black Bess, because thet schmall critter moight play thricks on ye there, an' it's a moight dangerous. I kin assure ye, to be caught whin the tide is a-comin' in," was the answer I received.

"But I laughed good-naturedly at his warning. 'Why, Pat,' said I, 'Alexander is as easily managed as can be. There's no danger. I'll start back before it's time for the tide to turn and will be all right, never you fear.' and I started off, leaving Pat with a troubled look on his honest face.

"I reached there safely and without the occurrence of any incident worth mentioning on the way. The water of the bay was nowhere in sight, but the flats were covered in most places with a damp, red sediment of mud which the fiercely moving waters had torn up and then left in part on the flats as they receded from the land. But in other places the walking was firm, and I had gone at least a mile and a half down the flats when I at last finished filling my basket with specimens of various kinds of seaweed which I intended to press, meanwhile laughing inwardly at Pat's anxiety.

"Alexander, during this time, had been roaming at will near-by on the sand, but now, as I approached him and was about to lay hold of his bridle, he suddenly flung his heels high in the air and started on a brisk run. I was astonished at this freak, but started after him, calling at the same time, 'Whoa, whoa, Alexander!'

"Suddenly he stopped as quickly as he had started, and I hurried up to catch him; but no sooner had I come within two feet of him than he repeated his former action.

"I looked at my watch and found it was nearly time for the tide to come in. Feeling desperate, I called to him coaxingly, then threateningly, and then chased the frisky colt till I felt I could scarcely stand; but each time I drew near him, thinking I had him that time sure, my hopes were dashed to the ground, while the way he kicked his heels and sniffed the salt air seemed to show his appreciation of the situation and that he was not fatigued at all by his exercise.

"When I saw I could not catch him, I started to walk toward home as fast as my tired feet would carry me, though I knew very well that, unless help should chance to arrive by some means, I could not go far before being overtaken by the treacherous water.

"I had not gone far when my ear caught a sound like distant thunder, and I felt my fate was sealed. Alexander was far ahead of me, and he evidently had heard the same sound, which must have carried fright to his stubborn mind, for he commenced to gallop at full speed homeward. It was no use to call; I tried to run, but my feet seemed unable to carry me.

"I had just given up all hope, for the rumbling was getting louder, when to my great joy I saw Black Bess coming swiftly toward me with Pat seated on her back.

"In an incredibly short time they were beside me and I was ordered to 'git on.' Then away we started. We knew it was a short but dreadful race for life.

"Once, when I looked backward, I could plainly see a great, rolling, tumbling mass of waters, white with foam, coming swiftly shoreward. Soon, I looked again and saw it was gaining on us with alarming rapidity, although the noble steed that carried us was straining every muscle, as if she realized the danger as well as we did.

"But, thanks to her swiftness of foot, we at last gained a safe place up on a small rise of land near the pasture, and we knew we were safe. I watched in a horrified way the red, muddy waters as they tumbled and foamed, and thought how near I had been to being buried by them.

"Pat explained that he had felt worried and had started to find me.

"And about Alexander? Oh, he was safe and sound at the barn door when we reached home, but I learned that day that it is often best to take the advice of older and more experienced persons than ourselves."

THREE hundred Italian laborers went on strike at Orange, N. J., week before last. When new laborers took their places they divided into four bands and became very riotous. They seemed to be learning that part of the business too fast, and the authorities threatened to call out the Fire Department. The rioters soon subsided after that.

It is believed that the abandoned seal rookeries of the Antarctic Ocean have been restored by the lapse of years. A Nova Scotia vessel visited the Falkland Islands a few weeks since and captured six hundred.

MERE bashfulness without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty, insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.

THE dwarf behind his steam-engine may remove mountains, but no dwarf will hew them down with the pick-ax; and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms.—CARLYLE.

TIME in the eye may cause serious mischief. The eye should be at once bathed in weak vinegar or lemon-juice and water. If the eye shows the least sign of inflammation a doctor should be consulted.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

As old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. SOTER, 820 Fisher's Block, Rochester, N. Y.



RIDEAU FALLS



CHAMBERLAIN FALLS



RIDEAU FALLS ANOTHER VIEW



PARLIAMENT HILL

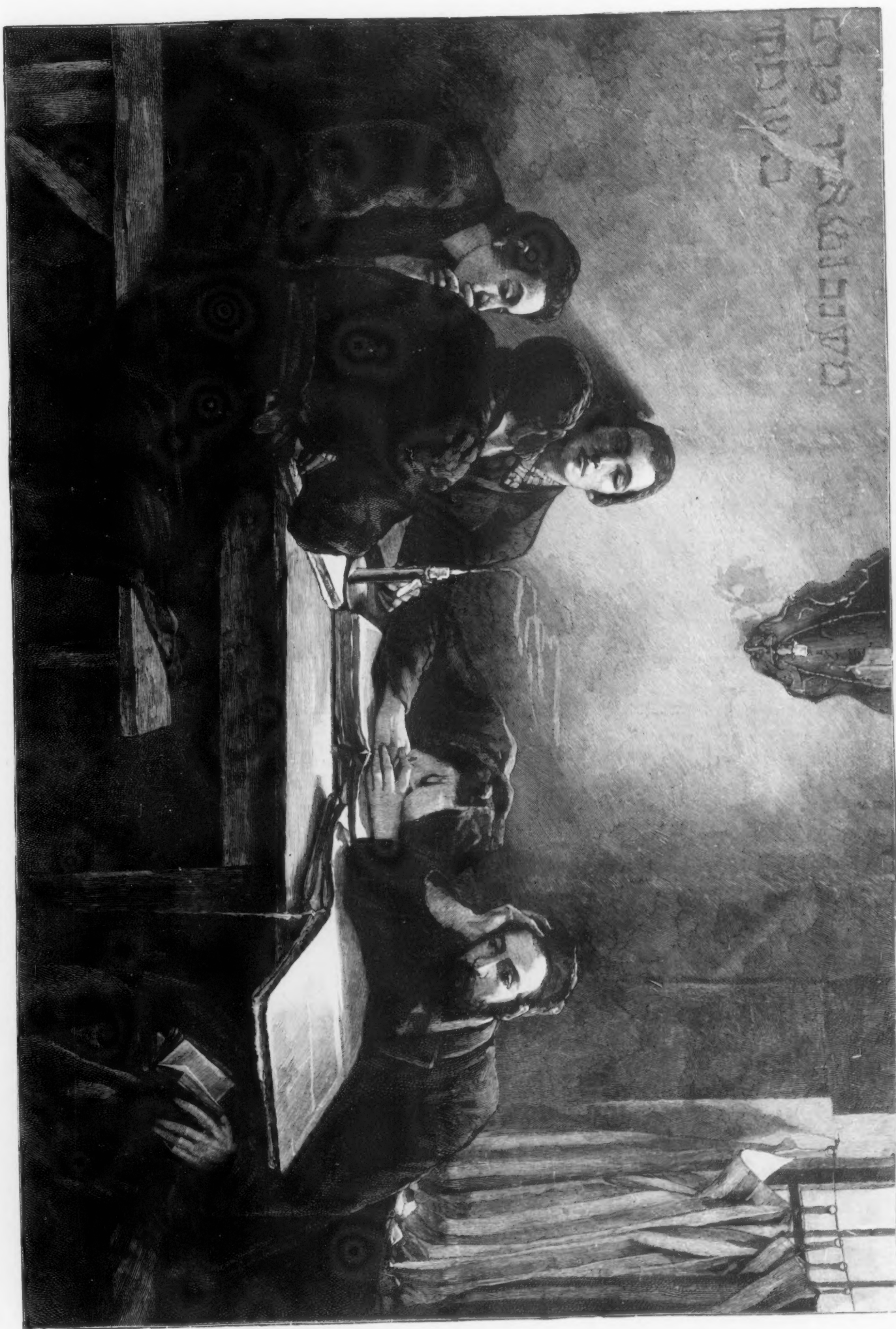


ANOTHER VIEW OF PARLIAMENT HILL



RIDEAU FALLS COMPLETELY FROZEN

WINTER SCENES IN CANADA.



READING THE TALMUD.—FROM THE PAINTING BY S. HIRSENBERG.

THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. S. WOOD.



BADGE OF THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB

Now that the merry holiday season has passed, and we have fairly entered upon the bright new year of 1896, let us all see what we can do to make it the very best year that has ever come to us—the fullest, the richest, the happiest, the most complete. If all could have a happy thought for each waking hour as it passed, how full of joy this earth would be? A happy thought will make lessons easier and each duty pleasanter; you remember, I presume, how it helped the history class in the story of Joey Nellby's club, and how Dick found that there was "some fun in being 'mutually improved.'" There is, if people only go about it in the right way. Some always make the hardest work of everything they undertake. If they have any task to perform, they draw a long breath and sigh dolefully, and that makes it a great deal more difficult. Others, doing the same thing, will go at it with a laugh, and I know of nothing in the world more likely to lighten away care or ill-temper than a real merry heart laugh. Discontent knows just as soon as it hears such a laugh that one of two results will follow: either it must strengthen its forces and call for help to push that laugh one side, or it will itself be driven off.

Happy thoughts are useful in driving away gloom, repining, discouragement, discontent, and even rebellion. Not only do they help school girls and boys with their lessons, but they are ready to help those who have home duties to attend to, who assist mamma in the care of the house or in looking after the younger children, as well as those who have outside duties to perform. They make the feet want to dance and skip instead of dragging and loitering when sent on errands, and oh! they just bring sunshine into the heart and into the home.

Happy thoughts are going to be at the right hand of those boys out in California in taking care of their garden, and help in all the hard work. There is nothing in this world worth having that does not require some effort to obtain; and when, once in a while, discontent or irritability or discouragement, or worse than all the rest, "don't care," tries to creep into the heart and crowd out happy thoughts—and happy thoughts won't stay long with such disagreeable, unworthy associates—happy thoughts will just need to laugh so long and cheerily that all the bad feelings will run away frightened. And then happy thoughts should chase them "way off"—so far they won't be back in a hurry.

Some girls and boys will doubtless be inquiring what special gems of happy thoughts they can weave this year in their webs of life that will keep bright and sparkling not only while they remain on this earth, but will also gleam on the pure white robe or in the crown that will be theirs all through the long, grand ages of eternity. Some of the simple ones that we can cultivate in our daily life will be among those that will make us most valued here, and that will sparkle brightest in the beyond. Among the very brightest gems is that of unselfishness, and there are many beautiful varieties of this that we are apt to take little notice of at first, but they polish brilliantly. Perhaps baby will cry when mamma is busy or resting, and one of our club members may be reading a very interesting story. It will surely be a happy thought if the book can be willingly laid aside, mamma left undisturbed, and baby comforted and amused by sister or brother. And this will help to make the web of life softer and more beautiful, and to stud the crown more brilliantly.

Patience is another gem of beautiful color, but it is among the hardest of happy thoughts for young people to keep. And I know of some older people who say that they find it very difficult always to be patient. I think if they had cultivated happy thoughts when young, it would now be easier, and so life would be pleasanter.

It is always a happy thought to perform every duty just as well as we possibly can. Some of you have probably heard of the very wise man who, when he had attained to great age, said that in looking back over his life he had never been sorry for any kind word he had ever spoken, for any kind deed he had ever done, or for any kind thoughts of others, even those who had proved themselves unworthy, he had ever had. It was only the recollection of all that was contrary to this that caused him to grieve. So please come, happy thoughts, with a rush and hurry; we won't mind if you crowd and jostle one another, for you will do it politely, in your efforts to take utter possession of our hearts. Is my invitation seconded?

Now, what are we doing in a practical way to earn our badges? Is every club exerting itself for this? Some are planning to give entertainments for the purpose, and the idea is an excellent one. What other plans have presented themselves? Which club intends to have the honor of suggesting the most effective? We all want to be self-reliant and to help instead of being helped. That is one of our chief happy thoughts—one of our foundation stones. I hope to soon hear from a few more clubs in regard to this matter.



MISS ANNIE COHEN

Miss Annie Cohen of New York, who organized our second club in this city, is fourteen years of age. Her aim in life is to be a teacher, and in order to fit herself for this position she is studying very diligently. Miss Annie is now president of the club she organized, and music is a specialty at all the meetings. May she be faithful and successful as a

teacher, and strive to fill the hearts of those whom she shall instruct with happy thoughts, for they are the true sunshine of life.

Miss Eva Richter of Chicago, Ill., is thirteen years of age, and passionately fond of reading. She is also a very diligent student, and her friends are earnest in their commendation of the young girl's unusually faithful efforts to do justice to her music lessons. Miss Eva is among those who already have a definite aim in life. She desires to be an author, and in this field has decided that her specialty will be pathetic stories. No class of literature offers a wider field for helpfulness to one's fellow-beings than the pathetic. More readily than in any other way can people be led, or influenced, by their sympathies, so our young friend's opportunities and responsibility will be limited only by her success and desire to do good. Best wishes and earnest prayers for you, my dear Eva.

Miss Pearl Elizabeth Winans of Petaluma, Cal., who has organized a club in that city, is twelve years of age.

Her aim in life is to be a teacher. She believes that better than anything else she would enjoy traveling all over the world. Miss Pearl is exceedingly fond of reading, and Miss Louisa Alcott's books are among her favorites. She is also very fond of pets. Her mamma thinks this little daughter is famous for building air castles. That shows that she has a good deal of imagination, which I consider just as much a gift to be cultivated, wisely, of course, as is the talent of an artist, a musician or an author. I hope Miss Pearl's wish for travel may be gratified, and that she will scatter happy thoughts all along the journey.

MISS PEARL E. WINANS

Corbin, Ky., Dec. 1, 1895.

DEAR MRS. WOOD—Enclosed is one dollar, for which you will please send our charter. Following are the names of members enrolled at our first meeting: Miss Florence Chisnut, president; Master Willie Mershon, first vice-president; Miss Lizzie B. Hawkins, second vice-president; Miss Maggie D. Julian, secretary; Miss Nannie Chisnut, assistant secretary; Miss Flora Oakley, treasurer; Miss Lucy Chisnut, assistant treasurer; Misses Fannie Shively, Opal Martin and Forest Oakley, committee. The other members are, Misses Mamie Reeves, Katie Erik, Nannie Oakley; Masters James Belt, Herndon Julian, Charlie Litteral. We meet every Monday evening from seven till nine, and enjoy it very much. We have had music, recitations, etc., at every meeting. We hope to get up an entertainment for the purpose of raising the money to have a Christmas tree that will gladden the heart of every little child in town. One of our friends who is at school in Williamsburg, Ky., said Thanksgiving Day that he thought he would try to organize a club in his school. We gave him a paper with a picture of the badge in it, and hope he will succeed.

Yours truly,

LIZZIE BOWLES HAWKINS.

Please accept my thanks both for the encouraging letter and the order. Now that the prizes have been awarded so that the number of each club is known, the charters that have been ordered will be sent, and I am confident that each member will be very agreeably surprised at their beauty and real value. And still come the good and welcome tidings of increased membership. I feel that every boy or girl who joins a Happy Thought Club will thus be aided to become a better and happier man or woman if life shall be spared. I am very glad your meetings continue so pleasant, and hope that many poor children will have reason this year to bless the warm hearts and judicious efforts of the Happy Thought Club members. Your letter is a very good illustration of the way in which the goodly oak is already growing from the tiny acorn of Joey Nellby's club. From your club and through your influence will probably spring another club, perhaps several others, and so the links in the golden chain of happy thoughts are constantly being forged. How I wish we could encircle the whole broad earth. Well, perhaps we will in time, if each member does the very best possible.

Petaluma, Cal., Dec. 8, 1895.

DEAR MADAM—I will now tell you more about our club. We meet once in two weeks, and at the meeting we held two weeks from last Saturday we initiated three new members: Dora Rodd, Gertrude Coate and Elva Stewart. I think we must be conducting our club in a different manner from the others I have read of, for we are not trying to see how many members we can get, but just the nicest little girls we know. We are now making preparations for our "Christmas Social," which I hope will be a success; it will take place, I think, about the 21st of this month, at the home of one of our members, Gertrude Coate. The admission fee is ten (10) cents. At our next meeting we are to bring the name of some poor family, and we will help them all we can with what we make at our social. * * * * *

Yours truly,

PEARL ELIZABETH WINANS.

You are probably conducting your club in the very best way for you. I think it was not designed by the Creator that all should work in the same manner. One person will accomplish the best results by doing things in a way directly opposite to that of another. This is individuality, one of the most precious possessions a human being can have. When the time comes, if ever it does, when every person will strive to do, and will be encouraged in doing, the very best possible in his or her own way, and not in the way of some one else, then we

shall have the grandest results in every department of life. Success to your Christmas social, and may your effort to help the poor family be greatly blessed both to your club members and to them. You know how it is—the bestower of benefits obtains a richer reward than the receiver.

Oakland, Cal., Dec. 3, 1895.

DEAR MRS. WOOD—* * * * * Wednesday after supper we opened the paper and read about the club with prizes and surprises. We had never read about Joey's club, because my sister likes to keep the papers nice until I get old enough to understand them. But one of our happy thoughts was to see if we could handle the papers like little gentlemen, so now we are to have them for our club room. The next morning, Thursday, at school I got sixteen boys and girls, and then to their parents, so by Thursday night we opened the club with sixteen members. Friday night we met again to take in ten more, each paying ten cents for initiation fee. By our next meeting, which was the following Friday week, one family with four boys moved to Round Mountain where they are going to start a H. T. C. if there are boys and girls enough up there. But they think the neighbors live so far apart that it would be impossible to meet at night. But they are coming back in the spring and still send down their weekly dues. So without them there are twenty-two members that meet every Friday, rain or shine, or they are fined for being absent. My sister has sent the paper to the teacher so it can be explained to the scholars. By this meeting, Friday, December 6, we expect more; we would like about thirty members.

When we have our entertainment in one of the halls we are going to have a minister give the opening address so people can understand what we are about, so other boys that don't read COLLIER'S WEEKLY can have a club. There is a vacant lot across from us—what they call a heather piece; our club intends to lease it and plant grass, then an outside border of Easter lilies, then a border of pansy, then sweet sultan, and if everything goes all right we can build a Club House there and have the jolliest kind of a time. You see one of the boys thinks of one thing, then another thinks of something else, so you see we have great ideas; then, too, the people of California are so generous and always help fellows when they are going to do right, especially in Oakland. Eastern visitors always call California "the land of the rising sun," and Oakland "the Athens of the Pacific," and when they come to California they never want to go back. * * * * *

GEORGE STEVENS.

Practical happy thoughts are just the ones that are going to do us all the most good. I think the sister is very kind about COLLIER'S WEEKLY, and I am sure you all appreciate it. It is ever so much more satisfactory to be "little gentlemen" about everything, isn't it? Boys are happier themselves, and so are their friends. So the links in the chain keep on increasing, the oak continues to grow, and there is no knowing yet what we shall accomplish—something grand, I hope. Explanations by your teacher will be a great help, and the opening address at your entertainment by a minister is just about the happiest of happy thoughts. How thankful we are that our club is one that a minister can commend and will be glad to assist by his presence and influence! Your club certainly deserves earnest praise for its "wide-awake" happy thoughts and efforts. I hope that every plan will be successfully carried out. The care your garden spot will require will help you to become thoughtful, earnest, manly men, and that is what our country needs. It will, I am sure, yield you much pleasure, and is just a splendid happy thought.

FIVE THOUSAND PRIZES.—To every organizer of the next five thousand Happy Thought Clubs, COLLIER'S WEEKLY offers a prize under the following conditions: Any book or books published by Mr. Collier to the value of \$2.50 will be given every organizer of a Happy Thought Club of ten members, provided he or she reports within ten days after seeing this announcement that a club has been formed, if within thirty days thereafter, or forty days from seeing this announcement, a charter and ten badges, or ten four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which includes ten badges, shall have been ordered. Books to the value of \$5.00 will be awarded every organizer of a club of fifteen members or over who shall report within ten days after seeing this announcement just what progress has been made, and within fifteen days shall report the club as complete, if thirty days thereafter, or forty-five days after seeing this announcement, a charter and fifteen badges, or fifteen four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY shall have been ordered. A handsome gold badge will be given the organizer of a club of twenty members or over, who shall report within ten days after seeing this announcement what progress has been made, and within twenty days shall report the club as complete, if the charter and twenty badges, or twenty four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY shall have been received within thirty days thereafter, or within fifty days after seeing this announcement. It will count equally on a prize if badges alone, or badges with four months' subscriptions shall be ordered; or a part of the members may order one and a part the other. The organizers of the first clubs completely equipped will be placed on our honor roll. COLLIER'S WEEKLY of October 31 contains very full instructions for organizing clubs.

CHARTER.—Our charter, size 18x24 inches, is really a handsome work of art, and is printed in colors. Every club will, I am sure, wish to have theirs framed. The price is \$1.00; or it will be sent free as a present, to any club the members of which shall have ordered, sent to any addresses, eight four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY. When ordering a charter, always send the names of those who assisted in organizing.

BADGES.—The price of the badges is fifty cents each; or a badge will be given free to any club member who shall send \$1.00 for a four months' subscription to COLLIER'S WEEKLY. The paper will be sent to any address, but the order must be received from a member of some Happy Thought Club, to whom the badge will be mailed.

COLORS.—Light purple, suggestive of royalty—the royalty of purpose and heart; light yellow, of sunshine; and white, of purity, are the Happy Thought Club colors.

EMBLEMS.—Fancies, emblematic of thoughts, and the sweet sultan, of happiness, are our emblems. Our colors are those of the latter flower, and are also, of course, with many others, found in the pansy.

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THE inferior animals, which live regular and temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. Man alone, of all the animals, is the one that seldom comes up to his average.

A CROSSING-SWEEPER begged something of a gentleman; the latter told him he would give him something as he came back.

"Your honor," replied the boy, "you would be surprised if you knew how much money I lose by giving credit that way."

A SHINING CHARACTER.—"My character," said an alderman, who had cleared himself from a serious charge—"my character, sir, is like my boots, all the brighter for blacking."

LION HUNTING.

DEATH OF A BRAVE ENGLISH-MAN.

MUCH sympathy is felt in all quarters, says the *London Sporting and Dramatic News*, with the friends and relations of Major Sandbach, R.A. With his own regiment he was very popular, and his untimely end has cast quite a gloom over Woolwich, whence he started only a few weeks ago with Major Paget to shoot lions in Somaliland. Strangely enough, on bidding him good-by, his colonel said by way of chaff: "Good luck, old chap—I hope you won't get mauled by a lion." How those words spoken in jest have been shown to have had but too terribly true a meaning is a matter of history, but the following particulars of the fatality which have just reached me can scarcely fail to interest a large circle of my readers.

It appears that on the day of the accident Majors Sandbach and Paget separated, each going in an opposite direction. Later on Major Sandbach and the Shikari found themselves alone, and knowing that a lioness was in some long grass near, they set the grass on fire, with the result that the lioness immediately came out of her hiding place and charged the Shikari. Thereupon the Major fired off his two barrels, but still the animal refused to let go the Shikari. Having no more cartridges he then "went for" the lioness with his empty rifle, with what consequences it is now only too well known. That Major Sandbach would have waited for his companion before firing the grass there can be no doubt, but every one will admire the pluck with which he faced the wounded animal with an empty rifle in order to save the life of the Shikari.

"Lions, tigers and panthers kill in the same manner," says Captain Melliss. "Sometimes I have found claw-marks on the withers when the kill has been a big animal such as water-buffaloes, showing that the beast has sprung on its back first and then buried its teeth in the throat. Death is caused sometimes by a broken neck, but more often, I am inclined to think, by suffocation. I have been within a few feet of a lion as he killed a donkey. The weight of the lion's body of course dashed the donkey to the ground, but from the gasping sound I heard—it was too dark to see—I think the donkey was choked to death. Once I saw, in broad daylight, a panther seize a goat. It was the work of an instant. The panther rushed in, made a complete somersault with the goat in his jaws, then sprang up, dropping the goat, which lay still with a broken neck. But then again I heard a panther kill a goat at night, when the poor animal's cries told of prolonged agony, as if it was being eaten alive.

"I have heard a tiger's charge described as a series of bounds, but as I have never had the distinction of being charged by one I can give no opinion. From lions I have received the attention several times. On such occasions when a yellow body, all muscle and bone, and weighing some five hundred pounds, is rushing into you with tremendous force, the mind is naturally so intensely concentrated on one's aim that it is not likely to take in details, and I should be sorry to assert positively that a lion does not come at one by leaps. But the impression I gathered from those exhilarating moments was that the lion ran in at me with a pounding action of his paws and at a great pace."

In view of Major Sandbach's terrible fate, these personal recollections are of timely as well as general interest. "I certainly," says Captain Melliss, "have the most lively recollection of one encounter. Giving over my pony to one of the Somalis I walked slowly toward the lion, bidding my attendant to remain in the saddle if he wished, but to keep as near as possible with the second gun. Very cautious and slow was my approach, for I did not want to bring on a charge before I had got in a shot, and it looked as if a too rapid advance would do so, for the lion, without stirring an inch, kept up a series of snarls and growls, giving me an excellent view of his teeth, accompanied all the while by short, sharp flicks of his tail on the ground. I walked up to within fifty yards of him, hoping to shoot him dead at that distance and so avoid a charge. I then sat down and fired at him between the eyes, jumping to my feet instinctively to be ready if he charged.

"It was not a bit too soon. At the shot

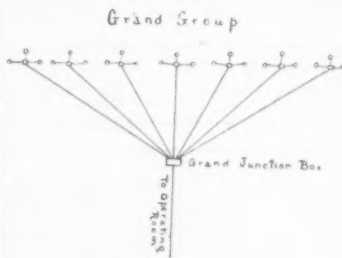
the lion sprang up with a furious roar. I had a lightning glimpse of him rearing up on his hind legs pawing the air; then he came for me. It was a fierce rush across the ground, no springing that I could see. How close he got before I fired I cannot say, but it was very close. I let him come on, aiming the muzzles of the rifle at his chest. My attendant says he was about to spring as I pulled the trigger and ran back a pace or two to one side; but as I did so, I saw through the smoke that the lion was stopped within a few paces of me. The lion struggled up on his hind quarters uttering roars. I rammed two fresh cartridges into my rifle in an instant and fired my right barrel into him. The grand brute fell over dying. The Somalis set up a wild yell, and I am not sure I did not join in." This is probably what happened to Major Sandbach, only unfortunately he had not got another cartridge.

SUBMARINE MINES.

THE word torpedo is a general term and applies to all explosive charges used on both land and water either as an offensive or defensive contrivance.

A torpedo used on land would usually be simply an explosive charge placed in such a position that if troops pass over it the charge explodes, either mechanically or by electricity. The water torpedoes, or those used to defend harbors and ships, are either stationary or movable; the stationary ones are properly called submarine mines.

A submarine mine consists of a spherical steel case, water-tight, containing a charge of from one hundred to five hundred pounds of dynamite, or some other high explosive, and the necessary mechanism for firing it. The case, with contents, is not so heavy as the water displaced, so that it has a buoyancy, or, if allowed, would float; it is, in fact, anchored with a rope sufficiently long so that at low tide the torpedo will be about three feet below the water surface. The mine is connected with electrical instruments by means of a cable, so that if it is struck by the hull of a ship an electric circuit is closed and a battery explodes the charge; or else simply an alarm is given and an operator on shore explodes the mine if he sees fit. Some mines are detached from the cables, arranged to explode mechanically, the mechanism being operated by a ship striking and jarring the case. These mines are placed in positions thoroughly known by friendly vessels.



By placing a number of submarine mines in a harbor, all under the water surface, it is readily seen that it would be dangerous for a vessel to enter, not knowing the location of these hidden enemies.

In our service mines are placed in groups of three, seven groups being united to one cable of seven separate cores, forming a "grand group" of twenty-one. The cables for each triple group unite at a junction-box, and the seven cables leading from these unite at the grand junction-box. Difficulty is encountered in making all junctions water-tight so that no leakage may occur.

To counteract the effect of torpedoes, ships-of-war are equipped with steel nets lowered from the sides and bow by means of projecting beams, and at such a distance from the hull that if a torpedo be struck by the net the explosion will not do vital injury.

To defend a harbor by means of submarine mines is a very economical method; however, forts must be constructed on shore from which they can be operated and also to furnish a force strong enough to prevent counter-mining, for if the cables be searched by means of grappling-irons and then cut, the mines are ineffective. Cannons are often trained on the mines, placed in the same circuit, so that if the latter are tampered with the guns are fired.

Some harbors, as San Francisco, are too deep for planting submarine mines, while at other ports the waves are too rough to permit this work.

Warships are supplied with movable torpedoes, which are fired through tubes or are in some other way discharged at an enemy's vessel close at hand. The



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or by other Governments, is the merest quibbling. The question is, Does it differ in its essential features from the European Balance of Power? I say, No. Is it not necessary for the independent States of the Western Continent to live free from unjust aggressions on the weaker States by a stronger Power, as it is necessary for the Eastern Continent to do the same in the case of the Balance of Power? And if the holding together of the Western Continent, free from disturbance, is a necessity for the higher good of all the civilized States thereof, why is not the Monroe Doctrine good international law?

JOS. RERUM.

An Egyptian archaeologist has just told this surprising little item of information: That, in the year 375 B.C., the Egyptians had standing at the corner of their streets contrivances on exactly the same principle as we now have them for the "penny-in-a-slot" arrangement. Excavations have recently brought these things to light. So we must say it once again—there is nothing new under the sun.

Men and women can increase their lung power—chest expansion it is called technically—by five minutes' exercise night and morning. Stand up straight on the balls of the feet, head thrown back, and inhale deeply, first inflating the lower part of the lungs and then the upper. Then expire slowly, letting the chest sink first and then the lungs. Do this fifteen times morning and evening.

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This institution, under the direction of the Nuns of the Congregation de Notre Dame (Montreal), is a select and limited school for young ladies desirous of pursuing any branch of higher education. A special inducement is here offered to those who would acquire a thorough and practical knowledge of the French language. Drawing, Painting, Vocal Music, Type-writing and Stenography taught by Professors holding Testimonials of superior ability from many of the American Clergy. There is also an Elementary Course. A few young lady boarders can be accommodated in the Convent. Reopens September 8. For terms and particulars apply to

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